

Poetical and Prose Literature

Third Class Teachers' Examination

VOL. II.

EDITED BY

JOHN C. SAUL

AND

W. A. McINTYRE

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SELECTIONS
IN
POETICAL AND PROSE
LITERATURE

VOL. II

FOR

THIRD CLASS TEACHERS' EXAMINATION

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

The annotations to this volume of selections are as brief as possible. It is felt that good literature within the compass of a student's comprehension should largely teach itself, and that very little information in the form of notes is required. Only such information is given as is really necessary to an understanding of the text.

The selections are supposed to be studied as literature. They are not intended to serve as the basis for grammatical analysis.

The order of study is not necessarily that suggested by the table of contents. There is a time suitable to the study of each selection, and such time should be chosen.

The teacher should be considered simply as a medium between the student and the author. As such, he should be in perfect sympathy with each selection, and reflect its spirit in his voice, look and manner; he should be in perfect sympathy with his students to such a degree that they are pleased to follow him and anxious to enter with him into new fields of thought.

The suggestive exercises following the notes to some of the selections are not intended to be exhaustive, nor is it supposed that students will accept them in their entirety as a guide to study. They will be useful in so far as they lead to a closer understanding or clearer appreciation of the thought and expression, or as they give power to distinguish between the worthy and the unworthy in poetical efforts.

THE POET.

The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above ;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

He saw thro' life and death, thro' good and ill, 5
He saw thro' his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll,

Before him lay : with echoing feet he threaded
The secretest walks of fame : 10
The viewless arrows of his thoughts were headed
And wing'd with flame,

Like Indian reeds blown from his silver tongue,
And of so fierce a flight,
From Calpe unto Caucasus they sung, 15
Filling with light

And vagrant melodies the winds which bore
Them earthward till they lit ;
Then, like the arrow-seeds of the field flower,
The fruitful wit 20

Cleaving, took root, and springing forth anew
Where'er they fell, behold,
Like to the mother plant in semblance grew
A flower all gold,

And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling 25
The winged shafts of truth,
To throng with stately blooms the breathing spring
Of Hope and Youth.

So many minds did gird their orbs with beams,
Tho' one did fling the fire. 30
Heaven flow'd upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Thus truth was multiplied on truth, the world
Like one great garden show'd,
And thro' the wreaths of floating dark upcurl'd, 35
Rare sunrise flow'd.

And Freedom rear'd in that august sunrise
Her beautiful bold brow,
When rites and forms before his burning eyes
Melted like snow. 40

There was no blood upon her maiden robes
Sunn'd by those orient skies ;
But round about the circles of the globes
Of her keen eyes

And in her raiment's hem was traced in flame 45
WISDOM, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power—a sacred name,
And when she spake,

Her words did gather thunder as they ran,
And as the lightning to the thunder 50
Which follows it, riving the spirit of man,
Making earth wonder,

So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with *his* word 55
She shook the world.

—Tennyson.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

PRELUDE TO PART FIRST.

Over his keys the musing organist,
 Beginning doubtfully and far away,
 First lets his fingers wander as they list,
 And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay :
 Then, as the touch of his loved instrument 5
 Gives hope and fervour, nearer draws his theme,
 First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
 Along the wavering vista of his dream.

Not only around our infancy
 Doth heaven with all its splendours lie, 10
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies ;
 Against our fallen and traitor lives
 The great winds utter prophecies ; 15
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives,
 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood
 Waits with its benedicite ;
 And to our age's drowsy blood
 Still shouts the inspiring sea. 20
 Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us ;
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold ;
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking : 25
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking,
 No price is set on the lavish summer ;
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June? 30
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays :
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ; 35
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen 40
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace ; 45
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings, 50
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away 55
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay ;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it ;
No matter how barren the past may have been, 60
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing ; 65
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,

That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by ; 70
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack ;

We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark ! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year, 75
Tells all in his lusty crowing !

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving ;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true 80
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,—
'Tis the natural way of living :
Who knows whither the clouds have fled ?

In the unscarred heaven they leave no wake ;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed, 85
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache ;
The soul partakes the season's youth,

And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow. 90
What wonder if Sir Launfal now
Remembered the keeping of his vow ?

PART FIRST.

I.

"My golden spurs now bring to me,
 And bring to me my richest mail,
 For to-morrow I go over land and sea 95
 In search of the Holy Grail ;
 Shall never a bed for me be spread,
 Nor shall a pillow be under my head,
 Till I begin my vow to keep ;
 Here on the rushes will I sleep, 100
 And perchance there may come a vision true
 Ere day create the world anew."
 Slowly Sir Launfal's eyes grew dim,
 Slumber fell like a cloud on him,
 And into his soul the vision flew. 105

II.

The crows flapped over by twos and threes,
 In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
 The little birds sang as if it were
 The one day of summer in all the year,
 And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees, 110
 The castle alone in the landscape lay
 Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray ;
 'Twas the proudest hall in the North Countree,
 And never its gates might opened be,
 Save to lord or lady of high degree ; 115
 Summer besieged it on every side,
 But the churlish stone her assaults defied ;
 She could not scale the chilly wall,
 Though round it for leagues her pavilions tall
 Stretched left and right, 120

Over the hills and out of sight ;
Green and broad was every tent,
And out of each a murmur went
Till the breeze fell off at night.

III.

The drawbridge dropped with a surly clang, 125
And through the dark arch a charger sprang,
Bearing Sir Launfal, the maiden knight,
In his gilded mail, that flamed so bright
It seemed the dark castle had gathered all
Those shafts the fierce sun had shot over its wall 130
In his siege of three hundred summers long,
And, binding them all in one blazing sheaf,
Had cast them forth : so, young and strong,
And lightsome as a locust-leaf,
Sir Launfal flashed forth in his unscarred mail, 135
To seek in all climes for the Holy Grail.

IV.

It was morning on hill and stream and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart ;
Only the castle moodily
Rebuffed the gifts of the sunshine free, 140
And gloomed by itself apart ;
The season brimmed all other things up
Full as the rain fills the pitcher-plant's cup.

V.

As Sir Launfal made morn through the darksome gate,
He was 'ware of a leper, crouched by the same, 145
Who begged with his hand and moaned as he sate ;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came ;

From the unleaved boughs and pastures 'bare ;
 The little brook heard it and built a roof
 'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof ;
 All night by the white stars' frosty gleams 180
 He groined his arches and matched his beams ;
 Slender and clear were his crystal spars
 As the lashes of light that trim the stars :
 He sculptured every summer delight
 In his halls and chambers out of sight ; 185
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slip
 Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
 Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
 Bending to counterfeit a breeze ;
 Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew 190
 But silvery mosses that downward grew ;
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
 With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf ;
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
 For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here
 He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops 196
 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
 That crystallised the beams of moon and sun,
 And made a star of every one :
 No mortal builder's most rare device 200
 Could match this winter-palace of ice ;
 'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
 In his depths serene through the summer day,
 Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
 Lest the happy model should be lost, 205
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
 By the elfin builders of the frost.

Within the hall are song and laughter,
 The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,

- And sprouting is every corbel and rafter 210
 With lightsome green of ivy and holly ;
 Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
 Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide ;
 The broad flame-pennons droop and flap
 And belly and tug as a flag in the wind ; 215
 Like a locust shrills the imprisoned sap,
 Hunted to death in its galleries blind ;
 And swift little troops of silent sparks,
 Now pausing, now scattering away as in fear,
 Go threading the soot-forest's tangled darks 220
 Like herds of startled deer.
- But the wind without was eager and sharp,
 Of Sir Launfal's gray hair it makes a harp,
 And rattles and wrings
 The icy strings, 225
 Singing, in dreary monotone,
 A Christmas carol of its own,
 Whose burden still, as he might guess,
 Was—"Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless!"
- The voice of the seneschal flared like a torch 230
 As he shouted the wanderer away from the porch,
 And he sat in the gateway and saw all night
 The great hall-fire, so cheery and bold,
 Through the window-slits of the castle old,
 Build out its piers of ruddy light 235
 Against the drift of the cold.

PART SECOND.

I.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
 The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;
 The river was numb and could not speak,

For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun ; 240
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun.
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly 245
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

II.

Sir Launfal turned from his own hard gate,
For another heir in his earldom sate ;
An old, bent man, worn out and frail,
He came back from seeking the Holy Grail : 250
Little he recked of his earldom's loss,
No more on his surcoat was blazoned the cross,
But deep in his soul the sign he wore,
The badge of the suffering and the poor.

III.

Sir Launfal's raiment thin and spare 255
Was idle mail 'gainst the barbèd air,
For it was just at the Christmas time ;
So he mused, as he sat, of a sunnier clime,
And sought for a shelter from cold and snow
In the light and warmth of long-ago ; 260
He sees the snake-like caravan crawl
O'er the edge of the desert, black and small,
Then nearer and nearer, till, one by one,
He can count the camels in the sun,
As over the red-hot sands they pass 265
To where, in its slender necklace of grass,
The little spring laughed and leapt in the shade,
And with its own self like an infant played,
And waved its signal of palms.

IV.

"For Christ's sweet sake, I beg an alms";— 270
 The happy camels may reach the spring,
 But Sir Launfal sees only the grewsome thing,
 The leper, lank as the rain-blanchèd bone,
 That covers beside him, a thing as lone
 And white as the ice-isles of Northern seas 275
 In the desolate horror of his disease.

V.

And Sir Launfal said,—“I behold in thee
 An image of Him who died on the tree ;
 Thou also hast had thy crown of thorns,—
 Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns,—
 And to thy life were not denied 281
 The wounds in the hands and feet and side :
 Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me ;
 Behold, through him, I give to thee !”

VI.

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes 285
 And looked at Sir Launfal, and straightway he
 Remembered in what a haughtier guise
 He had flung an alms to leprosie,
 When he girt his young life up in gilded mail
 And set forth in search of the Holy Grail. 290
 The heart within him was ashes and dust ;
 He parted in twain his single crust,
 He broke the ice on the streamlet's brink,
 And gave the leper to eat and drink,
 'T was a mouldy crust of coarse brown bread, 295
 'T was water out of a wooden bowl,—
 Yet with fine wheaten bread was the leper fed,
 And 't was red wine he drank with his thirsty soul.

VII.

As Sir Launfal mused with a downcast face,
A light shone round about the place ; 300
The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining and tall and fair and straight
As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful gate,—
Himself the Gate whereby men can 305
Enter the temple of God in Man.

VIII.

His words were shed softer than leaves from the pine,
And they fell on Sir Launfal as snows on the brine,
Which mingle their softness and quiet in one
With the shaggy unrest they float down upon ; 310
And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
“Lo, it is I, be not afraid !
In many climes, without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail ;
Behold it is here,—this cup which thou 315
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but now ;
This crust is my body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree ;
The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another’s need ; 320
Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and me.”

IX.

Sir Launfal awoke as from a swoond :— 325
“The Grail in my castle here is found !
Hang my idle armour up on the wall,

Let it be the spider's banquet hall ;
 He must be fenced with stronger mail
 Who would seek and find the Holy Grail." 330

X.

The castle gate stands open now,
 And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
 As the hangbird is to the elm-tree bough ;
 No longer scowl the turrets tall,
 The Summer's long siege at last is o'er ; 335
 When the first poor outcast went in at the door,
 She entered with him in disguise,
 And mastered the fortress by surprise ;
 There is no spot she loves so well on ground,
 She lingers and smiles there the whole year round ; 340
 The meanest serf on Sir Launfal's land
 Has hall and bower at his command ;
 And there's no poor man in the North Countree
 But is lord of the earldom as much as he.

—*Lowell.*

MORTE D'ARTHUR.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep, 5
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one

Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

“The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 Tho’ Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro’ the helm 25
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword —and how I row’d across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known : 35
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere :
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.”

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :

“It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro’ the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man.
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full.
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word.”

So saying, from the ruin’d shrine he stept 45

And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt : 55
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded king. 65

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
And the wild water lapping on the crag.”

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
“Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fæalty, nor like a noble knight : 75
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80
I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, 85
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud.

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, 90
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done ?
What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand 95
An act unprofitable, against himself ?

The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept 100
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.

But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110
And hid Excalibur the second time,

And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :

"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere : 115

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me ! 120

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all, 125
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence : 130
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword, 135
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, the noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 145
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:

“Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.

Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?” 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

“Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems

Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,

Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,

Not tho' I lived three lives of mortal men, 155

So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;

But when I look'd again, behold an arm,

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160

Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:

“My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.

Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,

And bear me to the margin; yet I fear 165

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,

Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,

And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes

As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170

Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,

And would have spoken, but he found not words,

Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,

O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,

And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard.

Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed

When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,

Muttering and murmuring at his ear “Quick, quick!

I fear it is too late, and I shall die.” 180

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,

Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
 Larger than human on the frozen hills.
 He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
 Before. His own thought drove him like a goad. 185
 Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
 And barren chasms, and all to left and right
 The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
 His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
 Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
 And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
 And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware 195
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
 Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
 A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony 200
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
 And to the barge they came. There those three
 Queens 205
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands.
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;

And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops 215
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —
That make his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dâis-throne—were parch'd with dust ;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose, 219
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
“ Ah ! my lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ; 235
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou 245
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
 To the island-valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."
 So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

—*Tennyson.*

FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies;
 Night and day on me she cries;
 O that I were where Helen lies
 On fair Kirconnell lea!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought, 5
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair ! 10
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kircønnell lea.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide. 15
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me 20

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies ! 25
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me !"

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest, 30
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
 A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
 And I in Helen's arms lying, 35
 On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
 Night and day on me she cries ;
 And I am weary of the skies,
 Since my love died for me. 40

—*Old Ballad.*

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
 Drinking the blude-red wine ;
 "O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
 To sail this new ship of mine !"

O up and spake an eldern knight, 5
 Sat at the king's right knee,—
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
 That ever sail'd the sea."

Our king has written a braid letter,
 And seal'd it with his hand, 10
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
 To Noroway o'er the faem ;
 The king's daughter of Noroway, 15
 'Tis thou maun bring her hame."

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 Sae loud loud laughed he ;
 The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blinded his e'e. 20

“O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o’ me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea ?

“Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet, 25
Our ship must sail the faem ;
The king’s daughter of Noroway,
’Tis we must fetch her hame.”

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn,
Wi’ a’ the speed they may ; 30
They hae landed in Noroway,
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o’ Noroway 35
Began aloud to say,—

“Ye Scottishmen spend a’ our king’s goud,
And a’ our queenis fee.”
“Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
Fu’ loud I hear ye lie. 40

“For I brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I brought a half-fou o’ gude red goud
Out o’er the sea wi’ me.

“Make ready, make ready, my merrymen a’ ! 45
Our gude ship sails the morn.”
“Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm !

I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm ;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm." 50

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea. 56

The anchors brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm ;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn. 60

"O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?"

"O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall top-mast ;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land." 65

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely ane,
When a bout flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in. 70

"Gae, fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let na the sea come in." 75

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another of the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in. 80

O laith, laith, were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heel'd shoon !
But lang or a' the play was play'd,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed 85
That flattered on the faem ;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair, 90
A' for the sake of their true loves ;
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang, lang, may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens 95
Come sailing to the strand !

And lang, lang, may the maidens sit,
Wi' their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves !
For them they'll see na mair. 100

O forty miles off Aberdeen,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lovest to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear departed shade ! 5
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove, 10
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love !
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past ;
 Thy image at our last embrace ; 15
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green ;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twined amorous round the raptured scene ; 20
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray—
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes, 25
 And fondly broods with miser care !
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ? 30
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ;

—Burns.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !

There simmer first unfauld her robes,

5

And there the langest tarry ;

For there I took the last fareweel

O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom !

10

As underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom !

The golden hours, on angel wings,

Flew o'er me and my dearie ;

For dear to me, as light and life,

15

Was my sweet Highland Mary !

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender ;

And, pledging aft to meet again,

We tore oursels asunder ;

20

But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,

That nipt my flower sae early !—

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay

That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,

25

I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !

And closed for aye the sparkling glance

That dwelt on me sae kindly !

And mouldering now in silent dust

That heart that lo'ed me dearly—

30

But still within my bosom's core

Shall live my Highland Mary !

—Burns.

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest :
Like a cloud of fire,
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight-- 20

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see

As from thy presence showers a rain of melody :—

35

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

40

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love which overflows her bower :

45

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view :

50

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent is gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

54

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,—
 All that ever was,
 Joyous and clear and fresh,—thy music doth surpass.

60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine :
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt—
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be :
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee :
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 That we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught :
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet, if we could scorn
 Hate and pride and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know :
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow
 The world should listen then as I am listening now. 105
 —*Shelley.*

TO THE DAISY.

In youth from rock to rock I went,
 From hill to hill in discontent
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,
 Most pleased when most uneasy ;
 But now my own delights I make,— 5
 My thirst at every rill can slake,
 And gladly Nature's love partake,
 Of Thee, sweet Daisy !

Thee Winter in the garland wears
 That thinly decks his few grey hairs ; 10
 Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,
 That she may sun thee ;
 Whole Summer-fields are thine by right ;
 And Autumn, melancholy Wight !
 Doth in thy crimson head delight 15
 When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,
 Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;
 Pleased at his greeting thee again ;
 Yet nothing daunted, 20
 Nor grieved if thou be set at nought :
 And oft alone in nooks remote
 We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
 When such are wanted.

Be violets in their secret mews 25
 The flowers the wanton Zephyrs choose ;
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews
 Her head impearling.
 Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
 Yet hast not gone without thy fame ; 30
 Thou art indeed by many a claim
 The Poet's darling.

If to a rock from rains he fly,
 Or, some bright day of April sky,
 Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie 35
 Near the green holly,
 And wearily at length should fare ;
 He needs but look about, and there
 Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare
 His melancholy. 40

A hundred times, by rock or bower,
 Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,
 Have I derived from thy sweet power
 Some apprehension ;
 Some steady love ; some brief delight ; 45
 Some memory that had taken flight ;
 Some chime of fancy wrong or right ;
 Or stray invention,

If stately passions in me burn,
 And one chance look to Thee should turn, 50
 I drink out of an humbler urn

A lowlier pleasure ;
 The homely sympathy that heeds
 The common life our nature breeds ;
 A wisdom fitted to the needs 55
 Of hearts at leisure.

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,
 When thou art up, alert and gay,
 Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play
 With kindred gladness. 60

And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
 Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest
 Hath often eased my pensive breast
 Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet, 65
 All seasons through, another debt,
 Which I, wherever thou art met,
 To thee am owing ;
 An instinct call it, a blind sense ;
 A happy, genial influence, 70
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,
 Nor whither going.

Child of the Year ! that round dost run
 Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun
 As ready to salute the sun 75

As lark or leveret,
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain ;
 Nor be less dear to future men
 Than in old time ;—thou not in vain
 Art Nature's favourite. 80

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

Wee, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
 Thou'st met me in an evil hour ;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem :
 To spare thee now is past my power, 5
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonny lark, companion meet,
 Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast, 10
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble, birth ;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth 15
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ; 20
 But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad, 25
 Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
 But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies ! 30

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven 45
 To misery's brink.
Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine – no distant date ; 50
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

—*Burns.*

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD.

We sat within the farmhouse old,
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,
Gave to the sea-breeze, damp and cold,
An easy entrance, night and day.

- Not far away we saw the port,— 5
The strange, old-fashioned, silent town.
The lighthouse,—the dismantled fort,—
The wooden houses, quaint and brown.
- We sat and talked until the night,
Descending, filled the little room ; 10
Our faces faded from the sight,
Our voices only broke the gloom.
- We spake of many a vanished scene,
Of what we once had thought and said,
Of what had been, and might have been, 15
And who was changed, and who was dead :
- And all that fills the hearts of friends,
When first they feel, with secret pain,
Their lives thenceforth have separate ends,
And never can be one again ; 20
- The first slight swerving of the heart,
That words are powerless to express,
And leave it still unsaid in part,
Or say it in too great excess.
- The very tones in which we spake 25
Had something strange, I could but mark ;
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark.
- Oft died the words upon our lips,
As suddenly, from out the fire 30
Built of the wreck of stranded ships,
The flames would leap and then expire.

And, as their splendour flashed and failed,
 We thought of wrecks upon the main, --
 Of ships dismasted, that were hailed 35
 And sent no answer back again.

The windows, rattling in their frames, --
 The ocean, roaring up the beach, --
 The gusty blast, -- the bickering flames, --
 All mingled vaguely in our speech : 40

Until they made themselves a part
 Of fancies floating through the brain, --
 The long-lost ventures of the heart,
 That send no answer back again.

O flames that glowed ! O hearts that yearned ! 45
 They were indeed too much akin,
 The driftwood fire without that burned,
 The thoughts that burned and glowed within.

—*Longfellow.*

AS SHIPS, BECALMED AT EVE.

As ships, becalm'd at eve, that lay
 With canvas drooping, side by side,
 Two towers of sail at dawn of day
 Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze, 5
 And all the darkling hours they plied,
 Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
 By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
 Of those, whom year by year unchanged, 10
 Brief absence join'd anew to feel,
 Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were fill'd,
 And onward each rejoicing steer'd—
 Ah, neither blame, for neither will'd, 15
 Or wist, what first with dawn appear'd !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,
 Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
 Through winds and tides one compass guides—
 To that, and your own selves, be true. 20

But O blithe breeze ! and O great seas,
 Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
 On your wide plain they join again,
 Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought, 25
 One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
 O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
 At last, at last, unite them there.

—Clough.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers 5
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies, 10
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before Thee ;
 So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be, 20
 Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

 He lifts me to the golden doors ; 25
 The flashes come and go ;
 All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within 30
 For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.
 The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea — 35
 The Bridegroom with his bride !

—*Tennyson.*

SIR GALAHAD.

My good blade carves the casques of men
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, 5
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,

The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel :
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands, 10
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall !
 For them I battle till the end, 15
 To save from shame and thrall :
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
 So keep I fear thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes, 25
 A light before me swims,
 Between dark stems the forest glows,
 I hear a noise of hymns :
 Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
 I hear a voice, but none are there ; 30
 The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
 And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
 I find a magic bark ;

I leap on board : no helmsman steers :

I float till all is dark.

40

A gentle sound, an awful light !

Three angels bear the holy Grail :

With folded feet, in stoles of white.

On sleeping wings they sail.

Ah ! blessed vision ! blood of God !

45

My spirit beats her mortal bars,

As down dark tides the glory slides,

And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne

Thro' dreaming towns I go,

50

The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,

The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads,

And, ringing, spins from brand and mail ;

But o'er the dark a glory spreads,

55

And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;

No branchy thicket shelter yields ;

But blessed forms in whistling storms

Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

60

A maiden knight—to me is given

Such hope, I know not fear ;

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven

That often meet me here.

I muse on joy that will not cease,

65

Pure spaces clothed in living beams,

Pure lilies of eternal peace,

Whose odours haunt my dreams ;

And, stricken by an angel's hand,

This mortal armour that I wear.

70

This weight and size, this heart and eyes,

Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony 75
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 "O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near." 80
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the Holy Grail. —Tennyson.

"A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID."

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
 A weary lot is thine !
 To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
 And press the rue for wine.
 A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien, 5
 A feather of the blue,
 A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
 No more of me you knew

My Love

 No more of me you knew. 10

The morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain ;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow
 Ere we two meet again."
 He turn'd his charger as he spake 15
 Upon the river shore,
 He gave the bridle-reins a shake,
 Said "Adieu for evermore

My love

 And adieu for evermore." 20

—Scott.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

I.

O dwellers in the valley-land,
 Who in deep twilight grope and cower,
 Till the slow mountain's dial-hand
 Shortens to noon's triumphal hour,—
 While ye sit idle, do ye think 5
 The Lord's great work sits idle too?
 That light dare not o'erleap the brink
 Of morn, because 'tis dark with you?
 Though yet your valleys skulk in night,
 In God's ripe fields the day is cried, 10
 And reapers with their sickles bright,
 Troop, singing, down the mountain side.
 Come up, and feel what health there is
 In the frank Dawn's delighted eyes,
 As, bending with a pitying kiss, 15
 The night-shed tears of Earth she dries!
 The Lord wants reapers: O, mount up,
 Before night comes, and says,—“Too late!”
 Stay not for taking scrip or cup,
 The Master hungers while ye wait; 20
 'Tis from these heights alone your eyes
 The advancing spears of day can see,
 Which o'er the eastern hill-tops rise,
 To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watcher on the mountain-height! 25
 It is right precious to behold
 The first long surf of climbing light
 Flood all the thirsty east with gold;

But we, who in the shadow sit,
 Know also when the day is nigh, 30
 Seeing thy shining forehead lit
 With his inspiring prophecy.

Thou hast thine office : we have ours ;
 God lacks not early service here,
 But what are thine eleventh hours 35
 He counts with us for morning cheer ;
 Our day, for Him, is long enough,
 And when he giveth work to do,
 The bruised reed is amply tough
 To pierce the shield of error through. 40

But not the less do thou aspire
 Light's earlier messages to preach ;
 Keep back no syllable of fire,—
 Plunge deep the rowels of thy speech.
 Yet God deems not thine æried sight 45
 More worthy than our twilight dim,—
 For meek Obedience, too, is Light,
 And following that is finding Him.

—*Lowell.*

THE RECOLLECTION.

Now the last day of many days,
 All beautiful and bright as thou,
 The loveliest and the last, is dead.
 Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
 Up—to thy wonted work ! come, trace 5
 The epitaph of glory fled,—
 For now the earth has changed its face,
 A frown is on the heaven's brow.

We wandered to the pine forest
That skirts the ocean's foam ; 10
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep 15
The smile of heaven lay ;
It seemed as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies,
Which scattered from above the sun
A light of paradise. 20

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed, by every azure breath 25
That under heaven is blown,
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own ;
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea, 30
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was !—The silence there
By such a chain was bound
That even the busy woodpecker 35
Made stiller with her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew. 40

There seemed, from the remotest seat
 Of the white mountain waste,
 To the soft flower beneath our feet,
 A magic circle traced,—
 A spirit interfused around, 45
 A thrilling silent life :
 To momentary peace it bound
 Our mortal nature's strife.
 And still, I felt, the centre of
 The magic circle there 50
 Was one fair form that filled with love
 The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
 Under the forest bough.
 Each seemed as 'twere a little sky 55
 Gulfed in a world below :
 A firmament of purple light
 Which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night,
 And purer than the day— 60
 In which the lovely forests grew
 As in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue
 Than any spreading there.
 There lay the glade, the neighbouring lawn, 65
 And through the dark-green wood
 The white sun twinkling like the dawn
 Out of a speckled cloud.
 Sweet views which in our world above
 Can never well be seen 70
 Were imaged in the water's love
 Of that fair forest green ;
 And all was interfused beneath
 With an elysian glow,

An atmosphere without a breath,
 A softer day below.
 Like one beloved, the scene had lent
 To the dark water's breast
 Its every leaf and lineament
 With more than truth expressed,
 Until an envious wind crept by,—
 Like an unwelcome thought
 Which from the mind's too faithful eye
 Blots one dear image out.
 Though thou art ever fair and kind,
 And forests ever green,
 Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
 Than calm in water seen.

80

85

—*Shelley.*

OZYMANDIAS.

I met a traveller from an antique land
 Who said : "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
 And on the pedestal these words appear :
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
 Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair !'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
 The lone and level sands stretch far away."

5

10

—*Shelley.*

THE BUILDERS.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ; 5
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ; 10
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;
Leave no yawning gaps between ;
Think not, because no man sees, 15
Such things will remain unseen.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere. 20

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, 25
Standing in these walls of Time,
Broken stairways, where the feet
Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
 With a firm and ample base ; 30
 And ascending and secure
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
 To those turrets, where the eye
 Sees the world as one vast plain, 35
 And one boundless reach of sky.

—*Longfellow.*

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM,
 PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile !
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee :
 I saw thee every day, and all the while
 Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air ! 5
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I looked, thy image still was there ;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

How perfect was the calm ! it seemed no sleep ;
 No mood which season takes away or brings : 10
 I could have fancied that the mighty deep
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah ! THEN, if mine had been the painter's hand,
 To express what then I saw ; and add the gleam,
 The light that never was, on sea or land, 15
 The consecration, and the poet's dream ;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary pile,
Amid a world how different from this !
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile.
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss. 20

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years ; a chronicle of heaven ;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine,
The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A picture had it been of lasting ease, 25
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ;
No motion, but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made ; 30
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed,

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;
I have submitted to a new control ;
A power is gone which nothing can restore ; 35
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been.
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene. 40

Then, Beaumont, friend ! who would have been the
friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger and that dismal shore.

Oh, 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well, 45
 Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
 That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
 This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge castle, standing here sublime,
 I love to see the look with which it braves, 50
 Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
 The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
 Housed, in a dream, at distance from the kind !
 Such happiness, wherever it be known, 55
 Is to be pitied, for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here,—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn. 60

—*Wordsworth.*

THE WHITETHROAT.

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
 That cleave our Northern air so clear,
 Thy notes prolong, prolong,
 I listen, I hear—
 “I—love—dear—Canada, 5
 Canada, Canada.”

O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
 Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
 The copse is all astir
 And echoes thy part ! . . . 10

Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
 As the noise of the day dies down ;
 And silence strings her lutes,
 The Whitethroat to crown. . . .

O bird of the silver arrows of song, 15
 Shy poet of Canada dear,
 Thy notes prolong, prolong,
 We listen, we hear—
 “I—love—dear—Canada,
 Canada, Canada.” 20

—Rand.

(From “*A Treasury of Canadian Verse*,” Copyright 1900, by permission.)

A DAY-DREAM.

When, high above the busy street,
 Some hidden voice poured Mary’s song,
 Oh, then my soul forgot the beat
 And roaring of the city’s throng :
 Then London bells and cries fell low, 5
 Blent to a far and murmured tone
 That changed and chimed in mystic flow,
 Weaving a spell for me alone.

No more the towering blocks were there,
 No longer pressed the crowds around : 10
 All freely roamed a magic air
 Within what vast horizon’s bound :
 Beneath a sky of lucent gray
 Far stretched my circled northern plain,
 Wild sunflowers decked a prairie gay, 15
 And one dear Autumn came again.

Before me trod a winsome maid,
 And oh, the mien with which she stept !
 Her soft brown hair, without a braid,
 Hiding the shoulders where it swept ; 20
 And glancing backward now she gave
 To me the smile so true and wise,
 The radiant look from eyes so grave
 That spoke her inmost Paradise.

Divinely on my daughter went, 25
 The wild flowers leaning from her tread ;
 Dreaming she lived, I watched intent
 Till, ah, the gracious vision fled ;
 The plain gave place to blocks of grey,
 The sunlit heaven to murky cloud— 30
 Staring I stood in common day.
 And never knew the street so loud.

—*Edward William Thomson.*

(*By permission of the author.*)

YARROW UNVISITED.

From Stirling castle we had seen
 The mazy Forth unravelled :
 Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
 And with the Tweed had travelled ;
 And when we came to Clovenford, 5
 Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"
 "Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
 And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,
 Who have been buying, selling, 10
 Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ;
 Each maiden to her dwelling !

On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
 Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !
 But we will downward with the Tweed 15
 Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs
 Both lying right before us ;
 And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
 The lintwhites sing in chorus ; 20
 There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
 Made blithe with plough and harrow :
 Why throw away a needful day
 To go in search of Yarrow ?

What's Yarrow but a river bare, 25
 That glides the dark hills under ?
 There are a thousand such elsewhere
 As worthy of your wonder."
 —Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn ;
 My True-love sighed for sorrow ; 30
 And looked me in the face, to think
 I thus could speak of Yarrow !

"Oh ! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
 And sweet is Yarrow flowing !
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock, 35
 But we will leave it growing.
 O'er hilly path, and open Strath,
 We'll wander Scotland thorough ;
 But though so near, we will not turn
 Into the dale of Yarrow. 40

Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
 The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ;
 The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
 Float double, swan and shadow !

We will not see them ; will not go, 45
 To-day, nor yet to-morrow ;
 Enough if in our hearts we know
 There's such a place as Yarrow.

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !
 It must, or we shall rue it : 50
 We have a vision of our own ;
 Ah ! why should we undo it ?
 The treasured dreams of times long past,
 We'll keep them, winsome Marrow !
 For when we're there, although 'tis fair, 55
 'Twill be another Yarrow !

If Care with freezing years should come,
 And wandering seem but folly,—
 Should we be loth to stir from home,
 And yet be melancholy ; 60
 Should life be dull, and spirits low,
 'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
 That earth has something yet to show,
 The bonny holms of Yarrow !”

—*Wordsworth.*

YARROW VISITED.

And is this—Yarrow ?—*This* the Stream
 Of which my fancy cherished,
 So faithfully, a waking dream ?
 An image that hath perished !
 O that some Minstrel's harp were near, 5
 To utter notes of gladness,
 And chase this silence from the air,
 That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why ?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings ; 10
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings,
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted :
For not a feature of those hills 15
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness ; 20
Mild dawn of promise ! that excludes
All profitless dejection ;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower 25
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding :
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning, 30
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove 35
The leafy grove that covers ;
And Pity sanctifies the Verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love ;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow ! 40

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation :
Meek loveliness is round thee spread, 45
A softness still and holy ;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature, 50
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature ;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a Ruin hoary !
The shattered front of Newark's Towers, 55
Renowned in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in ;
For manhood to enjoy his strength ;
And age to wear away in ! 60
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day, 65
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather !
And what if I enwreathed my own !
'Twere no offence to reason ; 70
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
 Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ;
 A ray of fancy still survives— 75
 Her sunshine plays upon thee !
 Thy ever-youthful waters keep
 A course of lively pleasure ;
 And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
 Accordant to the measure. 80

The vapours linger round the Heights,
 They melt, and soon must vanish ;
 One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
 Sad thought, which I would banish,
 But that I know, where'er I go, 85
 Thy genuine image, Yarrow !
 Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
 And cheer my mind in sorrow.

—*Wordsworth.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books ;
 Or surely you'll grow double :
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head, 5
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
 Come, hear the woodland linnet, 10
 How sweet his music! on my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher :
 Come forth into the light of things, 15
 Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ; 25
 Our meddling intellect
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things ;—
 We murder to dissect

Enough of science and of Art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ; 30
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

—*Wordsworth.*

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

The Minstrel came once more to view
 The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
 For ere he parted, he would say
 Farewell to lovely Loch Achray—
 Where shall he find, in foreign land, 5
 So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !—
 There is no breeze upon the fern,
 Nor ripple on the lake,

Upon her eyry nods the erne,
 The deer has sought the brake ; 10
 The small birds will not sing aloud,
 The springing trout lies still,
 So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud,
 That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
 Benledi's distant hill. 15
 Is it the thunder's solemn sound
 That mutters deep and dread,
 Or echoes from the groaning ground
 The warrior's measured tread ?
 Is it the lightning's quivering glance 20
 That on the thicket streams,
 Or do they flash on spear and lance
 The sun's retiring beams ?
 —I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
 I see the Moray's silver star, 25
 Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war
 That up the lake comes winding far !
 To hero boune for battle-strife,
 Or bard of martial lay,
 'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life, 30
 One glance at their array !

 Their light-arm'd archers far and near
 Survey'd the tangled ground,
 Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
 A twilight forest frown'd, 35
 Their barded horsemen, in the rear,
 The stern battalia crown'd.
 No cymbal clash'd, no clarion rang,
 Still were the pipe and drum ;
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang, 40
 The sullen march was dumb.

There breathed no wind their crests to shake,
Or wave their flags abroad ;
Scarce the frail aspen seem'd to quake,
That shadow'd o'er their road. 45
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirr'd the roe ;
The host moves like a deep-sea wave, 50
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is pass'd, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws ; 55
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell, 60
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had peal'd the banner-cry of hell !
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear : 65
For life ! for life ! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in the rear. 70
Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued :
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,

- The spearmen's twilight wood ?— 75
 "Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down !
 Bear back both friend and foe !"—
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay levell'd low ; 80
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
 "We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their Tinchel cows the game !
 They come as fleet as forest deer, 85
 We'll drive them back as tame."—
- Bearing before them, in their course,
 The relics of the archer force
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come. 90
 Above the tide, each broadsword bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below ;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing, 95
 They hurl'd them on the foe.
- I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash ;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if a hundred anvils rang ! 100
 But Moray wheel'd his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank,
 —"My banner-man, advance !
 I see," he cried, "their column shake.—
 Now, gallants, for your ladies' sake, 105
 Upon them with the lance !"—
 The horsemen dash'd among the rout,
 As deer break through the broom ;

Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
 They soon make lightsome room. 110
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward borne—
 Where, where was Roderick then !
 One blast upon his bugle-horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And reflux through the pass of fear 115
 The battle's tide was pour'd ;
 Vanish'd the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanish'd the mountain-sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
 Receives her roaring linn, 120
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass :
 None linger now upon the plain, 125
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

—*Scott.*

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I.

Bury the Great Duke
 With an empire's lamentation,
 Let us bury the Great Duke
 To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation,
 Mourning when their leaders fall, 5
 Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
 And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II.

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
 Here, in streaming London's central roar,

Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
 And the feet of those he fought for,
 Echo round his bones for evermore.

III.

Lead out the pageant : sad and slow,
 As fits an universal woe,
 Let the long long procession go, 15
 And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
 And let the mournful martial music blow ;
 The last great Englishman is low.

IV.

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
 Remembering all his greatness in the Past. 20
 No more in soldier fashion will he greet
 With lifted hand the gazer in the street.
 O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute :
 Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
 The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, 25
 Whole in himself, a common good.
 Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
 Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
 Our greatest yet with least pretence,
 Great in council and great in war, 30
 Foremost captain of his time,
 Rich in saving common-sense,
 And, as the greatest only are,
 In his simplicity sublime.
 O good gray head which all men knew, 35
 O voice from which their omens all men drew,
 O iron nerve to true occasion true,
 O fall'n at length that tower of strength
 Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew !

Such was he whom we deplore. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

v.

All is over and done :
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son. 45
 Let the bell be toll'd,
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river, 50
 There he shall rest for ever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds : 55
 Bright let it be with his blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in his funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd :
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd ;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd 60
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross ;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss ;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's ear has heard them boom 65
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom ;
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame ;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim 70
 In that dread sound to the great name,

Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name, 75
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-ringing avenues of song.

VI.

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
 Mighty seaman, this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man, 85
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes ;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea ; 90
 His foes were thine ; he kept us free ;
 O give him welcome, this is he,
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee ;
 For this is England's greatest son, 95
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun ;
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye
 Clash'd with his fiery few and won ; 100
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,

Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines, 105
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,
 And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms, 110
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Past the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men, 115
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.
 Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, 120
 And barking for the thrones of kings ;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down ;
 A day of onsets of despair !
 Dash'd on every rocky square 125
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away ;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew ;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile, 135
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,

O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,
 If love of country move thee there at all, 140
 Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine !
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
 In full acclaim,
 A people's voice,
 The proof and echo of all human fame, 145
 A people's voice when they rejoice,
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 Attest their great commander's claim
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII.

A people's voice ! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers ;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set
 His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers, 155
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control ;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings ; 165
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust. 170
 Remember him who led your hosts ;
 He bad you guard the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall ;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever ; and whatever tempests lour 175
 For ever silent ; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent ; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke ;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ; 180
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low ;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life ;
 Who never spoke against a foe ; 185
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right :
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named ;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke ;
 Whatever record leap to light 190
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII.

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands 195
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,
 But as he saves or serves the state. 200

Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes, 205
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory : 210
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled 215
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he : his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand 220
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure ;
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory : 224
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illuminated cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, 230
 Eternal honour to his name.

IX.

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue

Far on in summers that we shall not see :
Peace, it is a day of pain 235
For one about whose patriarchal knee
Late the little children clung :
O peace, it is a day of pain
For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. 240
Ours the pain, be his the gain !
More than is of man's degree
Must be with us, watching here
At this, our great solemnity.
Whom we see not we revere. 245
We revere, and we refrain
From talk of battles loud and vain,
And brawling memories all too free
For such a wise humility
As befits a solemn fane : 250
We revere, and while we hear
The tides of Music's golden sea
Setting toward eternity.
Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
Until we doubt not that for one so true 255
There must be other nobler work to do
Than when he fought at Waterloo,
And Victor he must ever be.
For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
And break the shore, and evermore 260
Make and break, and work their will ;
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
Round us, each with different powers,
And other forms of life than ours,
What know we greater than the soul ? 265
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :

The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
 The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; 270
 He is gone who seem'd so great.—
 Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in state, 275
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 But speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him. 280
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

—Tennyson.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.

A mist was driving down the British Channel,
 The day was just begun,
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

 It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon, 5
 And the white sails of ships;
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

 Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover,
 Were all alert that day, 10
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,
Their cannon through the night,
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance 15
The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations
On every citadel ;
Each answering each with morning salutations
That all was well. 20

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,
Replied the distant forts,
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure, 25
No drum-beat from the wall,
No morning-gun from the black fort's embrasure,
Awaken with their call.

No more surveying with an eye impartial
The long line of the coast, 30
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal
Be seen upon his post.

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer, 35
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,
The dark and silent room ;
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper
The silence and the gloom. 40

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
 But smote the Warden hoar ;
 Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble,
 And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited, 45
 The sun rose bright o'erhead ;
 Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
 That a great man was dead !

—*Longfellow.*

IN MEMORIAM.

XXI.

I sing to him that rests below,
 And, since the grasses round me wave,
 I take the grasses of the grave,
 And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then, 5
 And sometimes harshly will he speak ;
 'This fellow would make weakness weak,
 And melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, 'Let him be,
 He loves to make parade of pain, 10
 That with his piping he may gain
 The praise that comes to constancy.'

A third is wroth, 'Is this an hour
 For private sorrow's barren song,
 When more and more the people throng 15
 The chairs and thrones of civil power ?

A time to sicken and to swoon,
 When science reaches forth her arms
 To feel from world to world, and charms
 Her secret from the latest moon ?' 20

Behold, ye speak an idle thing :
 Ye never knew the sacred dust ;
 I do but sing because I must,
 And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And unto one her note is gay, 25
 For now her little ones have ranged ;
 And unto one her note is changed,
 Because her brood is stol'n away.

XXII.

The path by which we twain did go,
 Which led by tracts that pleased us well, 30
 Thro' four sweet years arose and fell,
 From flower to flower, from snow to snow :

And we with singing cheer'd the way,
 And crown'd with all the season lent,
 From April on to April went, 35
 And glad at heart from May to May :

But where the path we walk'd began
 To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
 As we descended following Hope,
 There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ; 40

Who broke our fair companionship,
 And spread his mantle dark and cold ;
 And wrapt thee formless in the fold,
 And dull'd the murmur on thy lip ;

And bore thee where I could not see 45
 Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste ;
 And think that, somewhere in the waste,
 The Shadow sits and waits for me.

CVI.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light : 50
 The year is dying in the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ; 55
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ;
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind. 60

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, 65
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite ; 70
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old, 75
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be. 80

—*Tennyson.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
 The venturous bark that flings
 On the sweet summer-wind its purpled wings
 In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5
 And coral reefs lie bare ;
 Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl :
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl ;
 And every chambered cell 10
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed,—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
 That spread his lustrous coil :
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new ;

Thy life to thy neighbour's creed has lent : 10
All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;
I brought him home in his nest at even ;— 15
He sings the song, but it pleases not now ;
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;
He sang to my ear ; they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore ;
The bubbles of the latest wave 20
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me ;
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
And fetched my sea-born treasures home ; 25
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed, 30
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir ;
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage,—
The gay enchantment was undone, 35
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, " I covet Truth ;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat,—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."
As I spoke, beneath my feet 40

The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs ;
I inhaled the violet's breath ;
Around me stood the oaks and firs ;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground ; 45
Above me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity ;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird ;—
Beauty through my senses stole, 50
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

—*Emerson.*

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noontime, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the

sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighbouring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighbourhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favourite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief

of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege, that the body of the trooper having been in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable, that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by everyone who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbour, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck, to

tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a corn-field.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out;—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he adminis-

tered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents"; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behoved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighbourhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs

of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labours of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway, with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favour in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighbourhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who under-

stood nothing of the labour of headwork, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighbourhood; being considered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's History of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hillside; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket, of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, “in linked

sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts, and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted spectre beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his

shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind, that walk in darkness: and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man, than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together; and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex ; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favour in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm ; but within these, everything was snug, happy and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it ; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it ; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel ; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighbouring brook, that babbled along among alders, and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church ; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm ; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night ; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves ; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff

the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey, but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian

corn, and the orchards burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children mounted on the top of a waggon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee—or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers. The low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighbouring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wonderful Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and

strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar, gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various-coloured birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such-like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle-keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye

upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rung with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cockfights, and with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good-humour at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather, he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past

the farm-houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbours looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk!—he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival, would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable man, and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favourable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain

the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts, is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf”; and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic wagghery in his disposition, and to play off boorish, practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy; so that the poor school-

master began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way, matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or

“quilting-frolic,” to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel’s; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble, skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside, without being put away on the shelves; inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time; bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was

a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty main and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favourite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown

and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming flocks of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighbouring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favourite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note, and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and bobbing, and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins

lying beneath them, turning up their fair, round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odour of the beehive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well-buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down in the west. The wide bosom of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats

and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close-crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favourite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tender oly-koek, and the crisp

and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapour from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendour. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humour, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud

laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighbourhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely-hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighbourhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over

former times, and drawling out long stories about the war.

This neighbourhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favoured places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighbourhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot, by the shifting

throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighbourhood: so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region: it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighbourhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favourite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favourite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon this grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favourite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He

affirmed, that on returning one night from the neighbouring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their waggons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favourite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great

interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks!—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappaan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watchdog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house, away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp

of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighbouring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighbourhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees. twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered; it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid

bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge, was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of a school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed

forwards, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a splashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind; Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervour into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavoured to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long, lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left.

This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the white-washed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavoured to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder

sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which

contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New-England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted, by several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honour of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the school-master possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind, and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion, that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head

any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighbourhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and finally, had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance, conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day, that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favourite story often told about the neighbourhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to

decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plough-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

—Irving.

FRANZ ABT.

Many years ago a young composer was sitting in a garden. All around bloomed beautiful roses, and through the gentle evening air the swallows flitted, twittering cheerily. The young composer neither saw the roses nor heard the evening music of the swallows; his heart was full of sadness and his eyes were bent wearily upon the earth before him.

“Why,” said the young composer, with a sigh, “should I be doomed to all this bitter disappointment? Learning seems vain, patience is mocked,—fame is as far from me as ever.”

The roses heard his complaint. They bent closer to him and whispered, “Listen to us,—listen to us.” And the swallows heard him, too, and they flitted nearer him; and they, too, twittered, “Listen to us,—listen to us.” But the young composer was in no mood to be beguiled by the whisperings of the roses and the twitterings of the birds; with a heavy heart and sighing bitterly he arose and went his way.

It came to pass that many times after that the young composer came at evening and sat in the garden where

the roses bloomed and the swallows twittered; his heart was always full of disappointment, and often he cried out in anguish against the cruelty of fame that it came not to him. And each time the roses bent closer to him, and the swallows flew lower, and there in the garden the sweet flowers and the little birds cried, "Listen to us,—listen to us, and we will help you."

And one evening the young composer, hearing their gentle pleadings, smiled sadly, and said: "Yes, I will listen to you. What have you to say, pretty roses?"

"Make your songs of us," whispered the roses,—
"make your songs of us."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the composer. "A song of the roses would be very strange, indeed! No, sweet flowers,—it is fame I seek, and fame would scorn even the beauty of your blushes and the subtlety of your perfumes."

"You are wrong," twittered the swallows, flying lower. "You are wrong, foolish man. Make a song for the heart,—make a song of the swallows and the roses, and it will be sung forever, and your fame shall never die."

But the composer laughed louder than before; surely there never had been a stranger suggestion than that of the roses and the swallows! Still, in his chamber that night the composer thought of what the swallows had said, and in his dreams he seemed to hear the soft tones of the roses pleading with him. Yes, many times thereafter the composer recalled what the birds and flowers had said, but he never would ask them as he sat in the garden at evening how he could make the heart-song of

which they chattered. And the summer sped swiftly by, and one evening when the composer came into the garden the roses were dead, and their leaves lay scattered on the ground. There were no swallows fluttering in the sky, and the nests under the eaves were deserted. Then the composer knew his little friends were beyond recall, and he was oppressed by a feeling of loneliness. The roses and the swallows had grown to be a solace to the composer, had stolen into his heart all unawares,—now that they were gone, he was filled with sadness.

“I will do as they counselled,” said he; “I will make a song of them,—a song of the swallows and the roses. I will forget my greed for fame while I write in memory of my little friends.”

Then the composer made a song of the swallows and the roses, and, while he wrote, it seemed to him that he could hear the twittering of the little birds all around him, and scent the fragrance of the flowers, and his soul was warmed with a warmth he had never felt before, and his tears fell upon his manuscript.

When the world heard the song which the composer had made of the swallows and the roses, it did homage to his genius. Such sentiment, such delicacy, such simplicity, such melody, such heart, such soul,—ah, there was no word of rapturous praise too good for the composer now: fame, the sweetest and most enduring kind of fame, had come to him.

And the swallows and the roses had done it all. Their subtle influences had filled the composer's soul with a great inspiration,—by means like this God loves to speak to the human heart.

"We told you so," whispered the roses when they came again in the spring. "We told you that if you sang of us the world would love your song."

Then the swallows, flying back from the south, twittered: "We told you so; sing the songs the heart loves, and you shall live forever."

"Ah, dear ones," said the composer, softly; "you spoke the truth. He who seeks a fame that is immortal has only to reach and abide in the human heart."

The lesson he learned of the swallows and the roses he never forgot. It was the inspiration and motive of a long and beautiful life. He left for others that which some called a loftier ambition. He was content to sit among the flowers and hear the twitter of birds and make songs that found an echo in all breasts. Ah, there was such a beautiful simplicity,—such a sweet wisdom in his life! And where'er the swallows flew, and where'er the roses bloomed, he was famed and revered and beloved, and his songs were sung.

Then his hair grew white at last, and his eyes were dim and his steps were slow. A mortal illness came upon him, and he knew that death was nigh.

"The winter has been long," said he, wearily. "Open the window and raise me up that I may see the garden, for it must be that spring is come."

It was indeed spring, but the roses had not yet bloomed. The swallows were chattering in their nests under the eaves or flitting in the mild, warm sky.

"Hear them," he said faintly. "How sweetly they sing. But alas! where are the roses?"

Where are the roses ? Heaped over thee, dear singing heart ; blooming on thy quiet grave in the Fatherland, and clustered and entwined all in and about thy memory, which with thy songs shall go down from heart to heart to immortality.

—Eugene Field.

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A CRUISE IN THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

With the opening of spring my heart opens. My fancy expands with the flowers, and, as I walk down town in the May morning, toward the dingy counting-room, and the old routine, you would hardly believe that I would not change my feelings for those of the French Barber-Poet Jasmin, who goes, merrily singing, to his shaving and hair-cutting.

The first warm day puts the whole winter to flight. It stands in front of the summer like a young warrior before his host, and, single-handed, defies and destroys its remorseless enemy.

I throw up the chamber-window, to breathe the earliest breath of summer.

"The brave young David has hit old Goliath square in the forehead this morning," I say to Prue, as I lean out, and bathe in the soft sunshine.

My wife is tying on her cap at the glass, and, not quite disentangled from her dreams, thinks I am speaking of a street-brawl, and replies that I had better take care of my own head.

"Since you have charge of my heart, I suppose," I answer gaily, turning round to make her one of Tit-bottom's bows.

"But seriously, Prue, how is it about my summer wardrobe?"

Prue smiles, and tells me we shall have two months of winter yet, and I had better stop and order some more coal as I go down town.

"Winter—coal!"

Then I step back, and taking her by the arm, lead her to the window. I throw it open even wider than before. The sunlight streams on the great church-towers opposite, and the trees in the neighbouring square glisten, and wave their boughs gently, as if they would burst into leaf before dinner. Cages are hung at the open chamber-windows in the street, and the birds, touched into song by the sun, make Memnon true. Prue's purple and white hyacinths are in full blossom, and perfume the warm air, so that the canaries and the mocking-birds are no longer aliens in the city streets, but are once more swinging in their spicy native groves.

A soft wind blows upon us as we stand, listening and looking. Cuba and the Tropics are in the air. The drowsy tune of a hand-organ rises from the square, and Italy comes singing in upon the sound. My triumphant eyes meet Prue's. They are full of sweetness and spring.

"What do you think of the summer wardrobe now?" I ask, and we go down to breakfast.

But the air has magic in it, and I do not cease to dream. If I meet Charles, who is bound for Alabama, or John, who sails for Savannah, with a trunk full of

white jackets, I do not say to them, as their other friends say—

“Happy travellers, who cut March and April out of the dismal year!”

I do not envy them. They will be seasick on the way. The southern winds will blow all the water out of the rivers, and, desolately stranded upon mud, they will relieve the tedium of the interval by tying with large ropes a young gentleman raving with *delirium tremens*. They will hurry along, appalled by forests blazing in the windy night; and, housed in a bad inn, they will find themselves anxiously asking, “Are the cars punctual in leaving?”—grimly sure that impatient travellers find all conveyances too slow. The travellers are very warm, indeed, even in March and April,—but Prue doubts if it is altogether the effect of the southern climate.

Why should they go to the South? If they only wait a little, the South will come to them. Savannah arrives in April; Florida in May; Cuba and the Gulf come in with June, and the full splendour of the Tropics burns through July and August. Sitting upon the earth, do we not glide by all the constellations, all the awful stars? Does not the flash of Orion’s scimitar dazzle as we pass? Do we not hear, as we gaze in hushed mid-nights, the music of the Lyre; are we not throned with Cassiopeia; do we not play with the tangles of Berenice’s hair, as we sail, as we sail?

When Christopher told me that he was going to Italy, I went into Bourne’s conservatory, saw a magnolia, and so reached Italy before him. Can Christopher bring

Italy home? But I brought to Prue a branch of magnolia blossoms, with Mr. Bourne's kindest regards, and she put them upon her table, and our little house smelled of Italy for a week afterward. The incident developed Prue's Italian tastes, which I had not suspected to be so strong. I found her looking very often at the magnolias; even holding them in her hand, and standing before the table with a pensive air. I suppose she was thinking of Beatrice Cenci, or of Tasso and Leonora, or of the wife of Marino Faliero, or of some other of those sad old Italian tales of love and woe. So easily Prue went to Italy!

Thus the spring comes in my heart as well as in the air, and leaps along my veins as well as through the trees. I immediately travel. An orange takes me to Sorrento, and roses, when they blow, to Pæstum. The camelias in Aurelia's hair bring Brazil into the happy rooms she treads, and she takes me to South America as she goes to dinner. The pearls upon her neck make me free of the Persian Gulf. Upon her shawl, like the Arabian prince upon his carpet, I am transported to the vales of Cashmere; and thus, as I daily walk in the bright spring days, I go round the world.

But the season wakes a finer longing, a desire that could only be satisfied if the pavilions of the clouds were real, and I could stroll among the towering splendours of a sultry spring evening. Ah! if I could leap those flaming battlements that glow along the west—if I could tread those cool, dewy, serene isles of sunset, and sink with them in the sea of stars.

I say so to Prue, and my wife smiles.

"But why is it so impossible," I ask, "if you go to Italy upon a magnolia branch?"

The smile fades from her eyes.

"I went a shorter voyage than that," she answered; "it was only to Mr. Bourne's."

I walked slowly out of the house, and overtook Titbottom as I went. He smiled gravely as he greeted me, and said—

"I have been asked to invite you to join a little pleasure party."

"Where is it going?"

"Oh, anywhere," answered Titbottom.

"And how?"

"Oh, anyhow," he replied.

"You mean that everybody is to go wherever he pleases, and in the way he best can. My dear Titbottom, I have long belonged to that pleasure party, although I never heard it called by so pleasant a name before."

My companion said only—

"If you would like to join, I will introduce you to the party. I cannot go, but they are all on board."

I answered nothing; but Titbottom drew me along. We took a boat, and put off to the most extraordinary craft I had ever seen. We approached her stern, and, as I curiously looked at it, I could think of nothing but an old picture that hung in my father's house. It was of the Flemish school, and represented the rear view of the *wrouw* of a burgomaster going to market. The wide yards were stretched like elbows, and even the studding-sails were spread. The hull was seared and blistered,

and, in the tops, I saw what I supposed to be strings of turnips or cabbages, little round masses, with tufted crests; but Titbottom assured me they were sailors.

We rowed hard, but came no nearer the vessel.

"She is going with the tide and wind," said I; "we shall never catch her."

My companion said nothing.

"But why have they set the studding-sails?" asked I.

"She never takes in any sails," answered Titbottom.

"The more fool she," thought I, a little impatiently, angry at not getting nearer to the vessel. But I did not say it aloud. I would as soon have said it to Prue as to Titbottom. The truth is, I began to feel a little ill, from the motion of the boat, and remembered, with a shade of regret, Prue and peppermint. If wives could only keep their husbands a little nauseated, I am confident they might be very sure of their constancy.

But, somehow, the strange ship was gained, and I found myself among as singular a company as I have ever seen. There were men of every country, and costumes of all kinds. There was an indescribable mistiness in the air, or a premature twilight, in which all the figures looked ghostly and unreal. The ship was of a model such as I had never seen, and the rigging had a musty odour, so that the whole craft smelled like a ship-chandler's shop grown mouldy. The figures glided rather than walked about, and I perceived a strong smell of cabbage issuing from the hold.

But the most extraordinary thing of all was the sense of resistless motion which possessed my mind the moment my foot struck the deck. I could have sworn we were

dashing through the water at the rate of twenty knots an hour. (Prue has a great, but a little ignorant, admiration of my technical knowledge of nautical affairs and phrases.) I looked aloft and saw the sails taut with a stiff breeze, and I heard a faint whistling of the wind in the rigging, but very faint, and rather, it seemed to me, as if it came from the creak of cordage in the ships of Crusaders, or of quaint old craft upon the Spanish main, echoing through remote years—so far away it sounded.

Yet I heard no orders given; I saw no sailors running aloft, and only one figure crouching over the wheel. He was lost behind his great beard as behind a snow-drift. But the startling speed with which we scudded along did not lift a solitary hair of that beard, nor did the old and withered face of the pilot betray any curiosity or interest as to what breakers, or reefs, or pitiless shores, might be lying in ambush to destroy us.

Still on we swept; and as the traveller in a night-train knows that he is passing green fields, and pleasant gardens, and winding streams fringed with flowers, and is now gliding through tunnels or darting along the base of fearful cliffs, so I was conscious that we were pressing through various climates and by romantic shores. In vain I peered into the grey twilight mist that folded all. I could only see the vague figures that grew and faded upon the haze, as my eye fell upon them, like the intermittent characters of sympathetic ink when heat touches them.

Now it was a belt of warm, odorous air in which we sailed, and then cold as the breath of a polar ocean. The

perfume of new-mown hay and the breath of roses came mingled with the distant music of bells and the twittering song of birds, and a low surf-like sound of the wind in summer woods. There were all sounds of pastoral beauty, of a tranquil landscape such as Prue loves—and which shall be painted as the background of her portrait whenever she sits to any of my many artist friends—and that pastoral beauty shall be called England; I strained my eyes into the cruel mist that held all that music and all that suggested beauty, but I could see nothing. It was so sweet that I scarcely knew if I cared to see. The very thought of it charmed my senses and satisfied my heart. I smelled and heard the landscape that I could not see.

Then the pungent, penetrating fragrance of blossoming vineyards was wafted across the air; the flowery richness of orange groves, and the sacred odour of crushed bay leaves, such as is pressed from them when they are strewn upon the flat pavement of the streets of Florence, and gorgeous priestly processions tread them under foot. A steam of incense filled the air. I smelled Italy—as in the magnolia from Bourne's garden—and, even while my heart leaped with the consciousness, the odour passed, and a stretch of burning silence succeeded.

It was an oppressive zone of heat—oppressive not only from its silence, but from the sense of awful, antique forms, whether of art or nature, that were sitting, closely veiled, in that mysterious obscurity. I shuddered as I felt that if my eyes could pierce that mist, or if it should lift and roll away, I should see upon a silent shore low ranges of lonely hills, or mystic

figures and huge temples trampled out of history by time.

This, too, we left. There was a rustling of distant palms, the indistinct roar of beasts, and the hiss of serpents. Then all was still again. Only at times the remote sigh of the weary sea, moaning around desolate isles undiscovered; and the howl of winds that had never wafted human voices, but had rung endless changes upon the sound of dashing waters, made the voyage more appalling and the figures around me more fearful.

As the ship plunged on through all the varying zones, as climate and country drifted behind us, unseen in the grey mist, but each, in turn, making that quaint craft England or Italy, Africa and the Southern seas, I ventured to steal a glance at the motley crew, to see what impression this wild career produced upon them.

They sat about the deck in a hundred listless postures. Some leaned idly over the bulwarks, and looked wistfully away from the ship, as if they fancied they saw all that I inferred but could not see. As the perfume, and sound, and climate changed, I could see many a longing eye sadden and grow moist, and as the chime of bells echoed distinctly like the airy syllables of names, and, as it were, made pictures in music upon the minds of those quaint mariners—then dry lips moved, perhaps to name a name, perhaps to breathe a prayer. Others sat upon the deck, vacantly smoking pipes that required no refilling, but had an immortality of weed and fire. The more they smoked the more mysterious they became. The smoke made the mist around them more impenetrable, and I could clearly see that those distant sounds

gradually grew more distant, and, by some of the most desperate and constant smokers, were heard no more. The faces of such had an apathy, which, had it been human, would have been despair.

Others stood staring up into the rigging, as if calculating when the sails must needs be rent and the voyage end. But there was no hope in their eyes, only a bitter longing. Some paced restlessly up and down the deck. They had evidently been walking a long, long time. At intervals they too threw a searching glance into the mist that enveloped the ship, and up into the sails and rigging that stretched over them in hopeless strength and order.

One of the promenaders I especially noticed. His beard was long and snowy, like that of the pilot. He had a staff in his hand, and his movement was very rapid. His body swung forward, as if to avoid something, and his glance half turned back over his shoulder, apprehensively, as if he were threatened from behind. The head and the whole figure were bowed as if under a burden, although I could not see that he had anything upon his shoulders; and his gait was not that of a man who is walking off the *ennui* of a voyage, but rather of a criminal flying, or of a startled traveller pursued.

As he came nearer to me in his walk, I saw that his features were strongly Hebrew, and there was an air of the proudest dignity, fearfully abased, in his mien and expression. It was more than the dignity of an individual. I could have believed that the pride of a race was humbled in his person.

His agile eye presently fastened itself upon me, as a stranger. He came nearer and nearer to me, as he paced

rapidly to and fro, and was evidently several times on the point of addressing me, but, looking over his shoulder apprehensively, he passed on. At length, with a great effort he paused for an instant, and invited me to join him in his walk. Before the invitation was fairly uttered he was in motion again. I followed, but I could not overtake him. He kept just before me, and turned occasionally with an air of terror, as if he fancied I were dogging him; then glided on more rapidly.

His face was by no means agreeable, but it had an inexplicable fascination, as if it had been turned upon what no other mortal eyes had ever seen. Yet I could hardly tell whether it were, probably, an object of supreme beauty or of terror. He looked at everything as if he hoped its impression might obliterate some anterior and awful one; and I was gradually possessed with the unpleasant idea that his eyes were never closed—that, in fact, he never slept.

Suddenly, fixing me with his unnatural, wakeful glare, he whispered something which I could not understand, and then darted forward even more rapidly, as if he dreaded that, in merely speaking, he had lost time.

Still the ship drove on, and I walked hurriedly along the deck, just behind my companion. But our speed and that of the ship contrasted strangely with the mouldy smell of old rigging, and the listless and lazy groups smoking and leaning on the bulwarks. The seasons, in endless succession and iteration, passed over the ship. The twilight was summer haze at the stern, while it was the fiercest winter mist at the bows. But as a tropical breath, like the warmth of a Syrian day,

suddenly touched the brow of my companion, he sighed, and I could not help saying—

“You must be tired.”

He only shook his head and quickened his pace. But now that I had once spoken, it was not so difficult to speak, and I asked him why he did not stop and rest.

He turned for a moment, and a mournful sweetness shone in his dark eyes and haggard, swarthy face. It played flittingly around that strange look of ruined human dignity, like a wan beam of late sunset about a crumbling and forgotten temple. He put his hand hurriedly to his forehead, as if he were trying to remember—like a lunatic, who, having heard only the wrangle of fiends in his delirium, suddenly in a conscious moment, perceives the familiar voice of love. But who could this be, to whom mere human sympathy was so startlingly sweet?

Still moving, he whispered with a woful sadness, “I want to stop, but I cannot. If I could only stop long enough to leap over the bulwarks!”

Then he sighed long and deeply, and added, “But I should not drown.”

So much had my interest been excited by his face and movement, that I had not observed the costume of this strange being. He wore a black hat upon his head. It was not only black, but it was shiny. Even in the midst of this wonderful scene, I could observe that it had the artificial newness of a second-hand hat; and, at the same moment, I was disgusted by the odour of old clothes—very old clothes, indeed. The mist and my sympathy had prevented my seeing before what a

singular garb the figure wore. It was all second-hand and carefully ironed, but the garments were obviously collected from every part of the civilized globe. Good heavens! as I looked at the coat, I had a strange sensation. I was sure that I had once worn that coat. It was my wedding surtout—long in the skirts—which Prue had told me, years and years before, she had given away to the neediest Jew beggar she had ever seen.

The spectral figure dwindled in my fancy—the features lost their antique grandeur, and the restless eye ceased to be sublime from immortal sleeplessness, and became only lively with mean cunning. The apparition was fearfully grotesque, but the driving ship and the mysterious company gradually restored its tragic interest. I stopped and leaned against the side, and heard the rippling water that I could not see, and flitting through the mist, with anxious speed, the figure held its way. What was he flying? What conscience with relentless sting pricked this victim on?

He came again nearer and nearer to me in his walk. I recoiled with disgust, this time, no less than terror. But he seemed resolved to speak, and, finally, each time, as he passed me, he asked single questions, as a ship which fires whenever it can bring a gun to bear.

“Can you tell me to what port we are bound?”

“No,” I replied; “but how came you to take passage without inquiry? To me it makes little difference.”

“Nor do I care,” he answered, when he next came near enough; “I have already been there.”

“Where?” asked I.

"Wherever we are going," he replied. "I have been there a great many times, and, oh! I am very tired of it."

"But why are you here at all, then; and why don't you stop?"

There was a singular mixture of a hundred conflicting emotions in his face as I spoke. The representative grandeur of a race, which he sometimes showed in his look, faded into a glance of hopeless and puny despair. His eyes looked at me curiously, his chest heaved, and there was clearly a struggle in his mind, between some lofty and mean desire. At times, I saw only the austere suffering of ages in his strongly-carved features, and again I could see nothing but the second-hand black hat above them. He rubbed his forehead with his skinny hand; he glanced over his shoulder, as if calculating whether he had time to speak to me, and then, as a splendid defiance flashed from his piercing eyes, so that I know how Milton's Satan looked, he said, bitterly, and with hopeless sorrow, that no mortal voice ever knew before—

"I cannot stop: my woe is infinite, like my sin!"—and he passed into the mist.

But, in a few moments, he reappeared. I could now see only the hat, which sank more and more over his face, until it covered it entirely; and I heard a querulous voice, which seemed to be quarrelling with itself for saying what it was compelled to say, so that the words were even more appalling than what it had said before—

"Old clo'! old clo'!"

I gazed at the disappearing figure in speechless amazement, and was still looking, when I was tapped upon the

shoulder, and, turning round, saw a German cavalry officer, with a heavy moustache, and a dog-whistle in his hand.

"Most extraordinary man, your friend yonder," said the officer; "I don't remember to have seen him in Turkey, and yet I recognize upon his feet the boots that I wore in the great Russian cavalry charge, where I individually rode down five hundred and thirty Turks, slew seven hundred, at a moderate computation, by the mere force of my rush, and, taking the seven insurmountable walls of Constantinople at one clean flying leap, rode straight into the seraglio, and, dropping the bridle, cut the sultan's throat with my bridle-hand, kissed the other to the ladies of the harem, and was back again within our lines and taking a glass of wine with the hereditary Grand Duke Generalissimo before he knew that I had mounted. Oddly enough, your old friend is now sporting the identical boots I wore on that occasion."

The cavalry officer coolly curled his moustache with his fingers. I looked at him in silence.

"Speaking of boots," he resumed, "I don't remember to have told you of that little incident of the Princess of the Crimea's diamonds. It was slight, but curious. I was dining one day with the Emperor of the Crimea, who always had a cover laid for me at his table, when he said, in great perplexity, 'Baron, my boy, I am in straits. The Shah of Persia has just sent me word that he has presented me with two thousand pearl-of-Oman necklaces, and I don't know how to get them over, the duties are so heavy.' 'Nothing easier,' replied I; 'I'll

bring them in my boots.' 'Nonsense!' said the Emperor of the Crimea. 'Nonsense! yourself,' replied I sportively, for the Emperor of the Crimea always gives me my joke; and so after dinner I went over to Persia. The thing was easily enough done. I ordered a hundred thousand pairs of boots or so, filled them with the pearls; said at the Custom-house that they were part of my private wardrobe, and I had left the blocks in to keep them stretched, for I was particular about my bunions. The officers bowed, and said that their own feet were tender, upon which I jokingly remarked that I wished their consciences were, and so in the pleasantest manner possible the pearl-of-Oman necklaces were bowed out of Persia, and the Emperor of the Crimea gave me three thousand of them as my share. It was no trouble. It was only ordering the boots, and whistling to the infernal rascals of Persian shoemakers to hang for their pay."

I could reply nothing to my new acquaintance, but I treasured his stories to tell to Prue, and at length summoned courage to ask him why he had taken passage.

"Pure fun," answered he, "nothing else under the sun. You see, it happened in this way: I was sitting quietly and swinging in a cedar of Lebanon, on the very summit of that mountain, when suddenly, feeling a little warm, I took a brisk dive into the Mediterranean. Now I was careless, and got going obliquely, and with the force of such a dive I could not come up near Sicily, as I had intended, but I went clean under Africa and came out at the Cape of Good Hope, and as Fortune would have it, just as this good ship was passing. So I sprang over the side, and offered the crew to treat all round if they would tell me where I started from. But I suppose they had

just been piped to grog, for not a man stirred, except your friend yonder, and he only kept on stirring."

"Are you going far?" I asked.

The cavalry officer looked a little disturbed. "I cannot precisely tell," answered he, "in fact, I wish I could," and he glanced round nervously at the strange company.

"If you should come our way, Prue and I will be very glad to see you," said I, "and I can promise you a warm welcome from the children."

"Many thanks," said the officer,—and handed me his card, upon which I read, *Le Baron Munchausen*.

"I beg your pardon," said a low voice at my side; and, turning, I saw one of the most constant smokers—a very old man—"I beg your pardon, but can you tell me where I came from?"

"I am sorry to say I cannot," answered I, as I surveyed a man with a very bewildered and wrinkled face, who seemed to be intently looking for something.

"Nor where I am going?"

I replied that it was equally impossible. He mused a few moments, and then said slowly, "Do you know, it is a very strange thing that I have not found anybody who can answer me either of those questions. And yet I must have come from somewhere," said he speculatively—"yes, and I must be going somewhere, and I should really like to know something about it."

"I observe," said I, "that you smoke a good deal, and perhaps you find tobacco clouds your brain a little."

"Smoke! smoke!" repeated he, sadly, dwelling upon the words; "why, it all seems smoke to me;" and he

looked wistfully around the deck, and I felt quite ready to agree with him.

"May I ask what you are here for," inquired I; "perhaps your health, or business of some kind; although I was told it was a pleasure party?"

"That's just it," said he; "if I only knew where we were going, I might be able to say something about it. But where are you going?"

"I am going home as fast as I can," replied I warmly, for I began to be very uncomfortable. The old man's eyes half closed, and his mind seemed to have struck a scent.

"Isn't that where I was going? I believe it is: I wish I knew; I think that's what it is called. Where is home?"

And the old man puffed a prodigious cloud of smoke, in which he was quite lost.

"It is certainly very smoky," said he, "I came on board this ship to go to—in fact, I meant, as I was saying, I took passage for ——." He smoked silently. "I beg your pardon, but where did you say I was going?"

Out of the mist where he had been leaning over the side, and gazing earnestly into the surrounding obscurity, now came a pale young man, and put his arm in mine.

"I see," said he, "that you have rather a general acquaintance, and, as you know many persons, perhaps you know many things. I am young, you see, but I am a great traveller. I have been all over the world, and in all kinds of conveyances; but," he continued nervously, starting continually, and looking around, "I haven't yet got abroad."

"Not got abroad, and yet you have been everywhere?"

"Oh yes; I know," he replied hurriedly; "but I mean that I haven't yet got away. I travel constantly, but it does no good—and perhaps you can tell me the secret I want to know. I will pay any sum for it. I am very rich and very young, and, if money cannot buy it, I will give as many years of my life as you require."

He moved his hands convulsively, and his hair was wet upon his forehead. He was very handsome in that mystic light, but his eye burned with eagerness, and his slight, graceful frame thrilled with the earnestness of his emotion. The Emperor Hadrian, who loved the boy Antinous, would have loved the youth.

"But what is it that you wish to leave behind?" said I at length, holding his arm paternally; "what do you wish to escape?"

He threw his arm straight down by his side, clenched his hands, and looked fixedly in my eyes. The beautiful head was thrown a little back upon one shoulder, and the wan face glowed with yearning desire and utter abandonment to confidence, so that, without his saying it, I knew that he had never whispered the secret which he was about to impart to me. Then, with a long sigh, as if his life were exhaling, he whispered—

"Myself."

"Ah! my boy, you are bound upon a long journey."

"I know it," he replied mournfully; "and I cannot even get started. If I don't get off in this ship, I fear I shall never escape." His last words were lost in the mist which gradually removed him from my view.

"The youth has been amusing you with some of his wild fancies, I suppose," said a venerable man, who might have been twin brother of that snowy-bearded pilot. "It is a great pity so promising a young man should be the victim of such vagaries."

He stood looking over the side for some time, and at length added—

"Don't you think we ought to arrive soon?"

"Where?" asked I.

"Why, in Eldorado, of course," answered he. "The truth is, I became very tired of that long process to find the Philosopher's Stone, and, although I was just upon the point of the last combination which must infallibly have produced the medium, I abandoned it when I heard Orellana's account, and found that Nature had already done in Eldorado precisely what I was trying to do. You see," continued the old man abstractedly, "I had put youth, and love, and hope, besides a great many scarce minerals, into the crucible, and they all dissolved slowly, and vanished in vapour. It was curious, but they left no residuum except a little ashes, which were not strong enough to make a lye to cure a lame finger. But, as I was saying, Orellana told us about Eldorado just in time, and I thought, if any ship would carry me there it must be this. But I am very sorry to find that any one who is in pursuit of such a hopeless goal as that pale young man yonder should have taken passage. It is only age," he said, slowly stroking his white beard, "that teaches us wisdom, and persuades us to renounce the hope of escaping ourselves; and just as we are discovering the Philosopher's Stone, relieves our anxiety by pointing the way to Eldorado."

"Are we really going there?" asked I, in some trepidation.

"Can there be any doubt of it?" replied the old man. "Where should we be going, if not there? However, let us summon the passengers and ascertain."

So saying, the venerable man beckoned to the various groups that were clustered, ghost-like, in the mist that enveloped the ship. They seemed to draw nearer with listless curiosity, and stood or sat near us, smoking as before, or, still leaning on the side idly gazing. But the restless figure who had first accosted me still paced the deck, flitting in and out of the obscurity; and as he passed there was the same mien of humbled pride and the air of a fate of tragic grandeur, and still the same faint odour of old clothes, and the low, querulous cry, "Old clo'! old clo'!"

The ship dashed on. Unknown odours and strange sounds still filled the air, and all the world went by us as we flew, with no other noise than the low gurgling of the sea around the side.

"Gentlemen," said the reverend passenger for Eldorado, "I hope there is no misapprehension as to our destination?"

As he said this, there was a general movement of anxiety and curiosity. Presently the smoker, who had asked me where he was going, said, doubtfully—

"I don't know—it seems to me—I mean I wish somebody would distinctly say where we are going."

"I think I can throw a light upon this subject," said a person whom I had not before remarked. He was dressed like a sailor, and had a dreamy eye. "It is very

clear to me where we are going. I have been taking observations for some time, and I am glad to announce that we are on the eve of achieving great fame; and I may add," said he modestly, "that my own good name for scientific acumen will be amply vindicated. Gentlemen, we are undoubtedly going into the Hole."

"What hole is that?" asked M. le Baron Munchausen a little contemptuously.

"Sir, it will make you more famous than you ever were before," replied the first speaker, evidently much enraged.

"I am persuaded we are going into no such absurd place," said the Baron, exasperated.

The sailor with the dreamy eye was fearfully angry. He drew himself up stiffly, and said—

"Sir, you lie!"

M. le Baron Munchausen took it in very good part. He smiled, and held out his hand—

"My friend," said he blandly, "that is precisely what I have always heard. I am glad you do me no more than justice. I fully assent to your theory; and your words constitute me the proper historiographer of the expedition. But tell me one thing, how soon, after getting into the Hole, do you think we shall get out?"

"The result will prove," said the marine gentleman, handing the officer his card, upon which was written, *Captain Symmes*. The two gentlemen then walked aside; and the groups began to sway to and fro in the haze as if not quite contented.

"Good God," said the pale youth, running up to me and clutching my arm, "I cannot go into any Hole alone with myself. I should die—I should kill myself. I thought somebody was on board, and I hoped you were he, who would steer us to the fountain of oblivion."

"Very well, that is in the Hole," said M. le Baron, who came out of the mist at that moment leaning upon the Captain's arm.

"But can I leave myself outside?" asked the youth nervously.

"Certainly," interposed the old Alchemist; "you may be sure that you will not get into the Hole, until you have left yourself behind."

The pale young man grasped his hand, and gazed into his eyes.

"And then I can drink and be happy," murmured he, as he leaned over the side of the ship and listened to the rippling water, as if it had been the music of the fountain of oblivion.

"Drink ! drink !" said the smoking old man. "Fountain ! fountain ! Why, I believe that is what I am after. I beg your pardon," continued he, addressing the Alchemist. "But can you tell me if I am looking for a fountain ?"

"The fountain of youth, perhaps," replied the Alchemist.

"The very thing !" cried the smoker, with a shrill laugh, while his pipe fell from his mouth, and was shattered upon the deck, and the old man tottered away

into the mist, chuckling feebly to himself, "Youth! youth!"

"He'll find that in the Hole, too," said the Alchemist, as he gazed after the receding figure.

The crowd now gathered more nearly around us.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the Alchemist, "where shall we go, or rather, where are we going?"

A man in a friar's habit, with the cowl closely drawn about his head, now crossed himself, and whispered—

"I have but one object. I should not have been here if I had not supposed we were going to find Prester John, to whom I have been appointed father confessor, and at whose court I am to live splendidly, like a cardinal at Rome. Gentlemen, if you will only agree that we shall go there, you shall all be permitted to hold my train when I proceed to be enthroned as Bishop of Central Africa."

While he was speaking, another old man came from the bows of the ship, a figure which had been so immovable in its place that I supposed it was the ancient figure-head of the craft, and said in a low, hollow voice and a quaint accent—

"I have been looking for centuries, and I cannot see it. I supposed we were heading for it. I thought sometimes I saw the flash of distant spires, the sunny gleam of upland pastures, the soft undulation of purple hills. Ah! me. I am sure I heard the singing of birds, and the faint low of cattle. But I do not know: we come no nearer; and yet I felt its presence in the air. If the mist would only lift, we should see it lying so fair upon the sea, so graceful against the sky. I fear we may

have passed it. Gentlemen," said he sadly, "I am afraid we may have lost the island of Atlantis for ever."

There was a look of uncertainty in the throng upon the deck.

"But yet," said a group of young men in every kind of costume, and of every country and time, "we have a chance at the Encantadas, the Enchanted Islands. We were reading of them only the other day, and the very style of the story had the music of waves. How happy we shall be to reach a land where there is no work, nor tempest, nor pain, and we shall be for ever happy."

"I am content here," said a laughing youth, with heavily matted curls. "What can be better than this? We feel every climate, the music and the perfume of every zone are ours. In the starlight I woo the mermaids, as I lean over the side, and no enchanted island will show us fairer forms. I am satisfied. The ship sails on. We cannot see, but we can dream. What work or pain have we here? I like the ship; I like the voyage; I like my company, and am content."

As he spoke he put something into his mouth, and, drawing a white substance from his pocket, offered it to his neighbour, saying, "Try a bit of this lotus; you will find it very soothing to the nerves and an infallible remedy for home-sickness."

"Gentlemen," said M. le Baron Munchausen, "I have no fear. The arrangements are well made; the voyage has been perfectly planned, and each passenger will discover what he took passage to find in the Hole into which we are going, under the auspices of this worthy Captain."

He ceased, and silence fell upon the ship's company. Still on we swept; it seemed a weary way. The tireless pedestrians still paced to and fro, and the idle smokers puffed. The ship sailed on, and endless music and odour chased each other through the misty air. Suddenly a deep sigh drew universal attention to a person who had not yet spoken. He held a broken harp in his hand, the strings fluttered loosely in the air, and the head of the speaker, bound with a withered wreath of laurels, bent over it.

"No, no," said he, "I will not eat your lotus, nor sail into the Hole. No magic root can cure the home-sickness I feel; for it is no regretful remembrance, but an immortal longing. I have roamed further than I thought the earth extended. I have climbed mountains; I have threaded rivers; I have sailed seas; but nowhere have I seen the home for which my heart aches. Ah! my friends, you look very weary; let us go home."

The pedestrian paused a moment in his walk, and the smokers took their pipes from their mouths. The soft air which blew in that moment across the deck drew a low sound from the broken harp-strings, and a light shone in the eyes of the old man of the figurehead, as if the mist had lifted for an instant, and he had caught a glimpse of the lost Atlantis.

"I really believe that is where I wish to go," said the seeker of the fountain of youth. "I think I would give up drinking at the fountain if I could get there. I do not know," he murmured doubtfully; "it is not sure: I mean, perhaps, I should not have strength to get to the fountain, even if I were near it."

"But is it possible to get home?" inquired the pale young man. "I think I should be resigned if I could get home."

"Certainly," said the dry, hard voice of Prester John's confessor, as his cowl fell a little back, and a sudden flush burned upon his gaunt face; "if there is any chance of home, I will give up the Bishop's palace in Central Africa."

"But Eldorado is my home," interposed the old Alchemist.

"Or is home Eldorado?" asked the poet with the withered wreath, turning towards the Alchemist.

It was a strange company and a wondrous voyage. Here were all kinds of men, of all times and countries, pursuing the wildest hopes, the most chimerical desires. One took me aside to request that I would not let it be known, but that he inferred from certain signs we were nearing Utopia. Another whispered gaily in my ear that he thought the water was gradually becoming of a ruby colour—the hue of wine; and he had no doubt we should wake in the morning and find ourselves in the land of Cockaigne. A third, in great anxiety, stated to me that such continuous mists were unknown upon the ocean; that they were peculiar to rivers, and that, beyond question, we were drifting along some stream, probably the Nile, and immediate measures ought to be taken that we did not go ashore at the foot of the mountains of the moon. Others were quite sure that we were in the way of striking the great southern continent; and a young man, who gave his name as Wilkins, said we might be quite at ease, for presently some friends of his would

come flying over from the neighbouring islands and tell us all we wished.

Still I smelled the mouldy rigging, and the odour of cabbage was strong from the hold.

O Prue, what could the ship be, in which such fantastic characters were sailing toward impossible bournes—characters which in every age have ventured all the bright capital of life in vague speculations and romantic dreams? What could it be but the ship that haunts the sea for ever, and, with all sails set, drives onward before a ceaseless gale, and is not hailed, nor ever comes to port?

I know the ship is always full; I know the grey beard still watches at the prow for the lost Atlantis, and still the Alchemist believes that Eldorado is at hand. Upon his aimless quest, the dotard still asks where he is going, and the pale youth knows that he shall never fly himself. Yet they would gladly renounce that wild chase and the dear dreams of years could they find what I have never lost. They were ready to follow the poet home, if he would have told them where it lay.

I know where it lies. I breathe the soft air of the purple uplands which they shall never tread. I hear the sweet music of the voices they long for in vain. I am no traveller; my only voyage is to the office and home again. William and Christopher, John and Charles sail to Europe and the South, but I defy their romantic distances. When the spring comes and the flowers blow, I drift through the year belted with summer and with spice.

With the changing months I keep high carnival in all the zones. I sit at home and walk with Prue, and if the

sun that stirs the sap quickens also the wish to wander, I remember my fellow-voyagers on that romantic craft, and looking round upon my peaceful room, and pressing more closely the arm of Prue, I feel that I have reached the port for which they hopelessly sailed. And when winds blow fiercely and the night-storm rages, and the thought of lost mariners and of perilous voyages touches the soft heart of Prue, I hear a voice sweeter to my ear than that of the sirens to the tempest-tost sailor: "Thank God! Your only cruising is in the *Flying Dutchman*!"

—George William Curtis.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

I wonder if anybody ever finds fault with anything I say at this table when it is repeated? I hope they do, I am sure. I should be very certain that I said nothing of much significance, if they did not.

Did you never, in walking in the fields, come across a large, flat stone, which had lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, all round it, close to its edges,—and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edge and turned it over as a housewife turns a cake, when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time"? What an odd revelation, and what an unforeseen and unpleasant surprise to a small community, the very existence of which you had not suspected, until the

sudden dismay and scattering among its members produced by your turning the old stone over! Blades of grass flattened down, colourless, matted together, as if they had been bleached and ironed; hideous crawling creatures, some of them coleopterous or horny-shelled,—turtle-bugs one wants to call them; some of them softer, but cunningly spread out and compressed like Lepine watches (Nature never loses a crack or a crevice, mind you, or a joint in a tavern bedstead, but she always has one of her flat-pattern live time-keepers to slide into it); black, glossy crickets, with their long filaments sticking out like the whips of four-horse stage-coaches; motionless, slug-like creatures, young larvæ, perhaps more horrible in their pulpy stillness than even in the infernal wriggle of maturity! But no sooner is the stone turned and the wholesome light of day let upon this compressed and blinded community of creeping things, than all of them which enjoy the luxury of legs—and some of them have a good many—rush round wildly, butting each other and everything in their way, and end in a general stampede for underground retreats from the region poisoned by sunshine. *Next year* you will find the grass growing tall and green where the stone lay; the ground-bird builds her nest where the beetle had his hole; the dandelion and the buttercup are growing there, and the broad fans of insect-angels open and shut over their golden disks, as the rhythmic waves of blissful consciousness pulsate through their glorified being.—

The young fellow whom they call John saw fit to say, in his very familiar way,—at which I do not choose to take offence, but which I sometimes think it necessary

to repress,—that I was coming it rather strong on the butterflies.

-No, I replied; there is meaning in each of those images,—the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its colour by it. The shapes which are found beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness, and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it. He who turns the stone over is whosoever puts the staff of truth to the old lying incubus, no matter whether he do it with a serious face or a laughing one. The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which had lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and native hues in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity. Then shall beauty—Divinity taking outlines and colour—light upon the souls of men as the butterfly, image of the beatified spirit rising from the dust, soars from the shell that held a poor grub, which would never have found wings, had not the stone been lifted.

You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.—

Every real thought on every real subject knocks the wind out of somebody or other. As soon as his breath comes back, he very probably begins to expend it in hard words. These are the best evidence a man can have that he has said something it was time to say. Dr. Johnson was disappointed in the effect of one of his pamphlets. "I think I have not been attacked

enough for it," he said;—"attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds."—

If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend the Professor long ago called *the hydrostatic paradox of controversy*?

Don't know what that means? Well, I will tell you. You know that, if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was of the size of a pipe-stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and *the fools know it*.—

No, but I often read what they say about other people. There are about a dozen phrases which all come tumbling along together, like the tongs, and the shovel, and the poker, and the brush, and the bellows, in one of those domestic avalanches that everybody knows. If you get one, you get the whole lot.

What are they? Oh, that depends a good deal on latitude and longitude. Epithets follow the isothermal lines pretty accurately. Grouping them in two families, one finds himself a clever, genial, witty, wise, brilliant, sparkling, thoughtful, distinguished, celebrated, illustrious scholar, and perfect gentleman, and first writer of the age; or a dull, foolish, wicked, pert, shallow, ignorant, insolent, traitorous, black-hearted outcast, and disgrace to civilization.

What do I think determines the set of phrases a man gets? Well, I should say a set of influences something like these:—1st. Relationships, political, religious, social,

domestic. 2nd. Oysters, in the form of suppers given to gentlemen connected with criticism. I believe in the school, the college, and the clergy; but my sovereign logic for regulating public opinion—which means commonly the opinion of half-a-dozen of the critical gentry—is the following: *Major proposition.* Oysters *au naturel*. *Minor proposition.* The same “scalloped.” *Conclusion.* That —— (here insert entertainer’s name) is clever, witty, wise, brilliant, and the rest.

No, it isn’t exactly bribery. One man has oysters, and another epithets. It is an exchange of hospitalities; one gives a “spread” on linen, and the other on paper—that is all. Don’t you think you and I should be apt to do just so, if we were in the critical line? I am sure I couldn’t resist the softening influences of hospitality. I don’t like to dine out, you know—I dine so well at our own table [our landlady looked radiant], and the company is so pleasant [a rustling movement of satisfaction among the boarders]; but if I did partake of a man’s salt, with such additions as that article of food requires to make it palatable, I could never abuse him, and if I had to speak of him, I suppose I should hang my set of jingling epithets round him like a string of sleigh-bells. Good feeling helps society to make liars of most of us—not absolute liars, but such careless handlers of truth, that its sharp corners get terribly rounded. I love truth as chiefest among the virtues; I trust it runs in my blood; but I would never be a critic, because I know I could not always tell it. I might write a criticism of a book that happened to please me; that is another matter,

Listen, Benjamin Franklin ! This is for you, and such others of tender age as you may tell it to.

When we are as yet small children, long before the time when those two grown ladies offer us the choice of Hercules, there comes up to us a youthful angel, holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left, spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in letters of gold—TRUTH. The spheres are veined and streaked and spotted beneath, with a dark crimson flush above, where the light falls on them, and in a certain aspect you can make out upon every one of them the three letters, L, I, E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world ; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all ; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them, while he always knows where to find the others, which stay where they are left. Thus he learns—thus we learn—to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-behaviour, all insisting that truth must *roll*, or nobody can do anything with it ; and so the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, do so round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth, that, when they have got a

little dingy by use, it becomes hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood.

The schoolmistress was polite enough to say that she was pleased with this, and that she would read it to her little flock the next day. But she should tell the children, she said, that there were better reasons for truth than could be found in mere experience of its convenience, and the inconvenience of lying.

Yes—I said—but education always begins through the senses, and works up to the idea of absolute right and wrong. The first thing a child has to learn about this matter is, that lying is unprofitable—afterwards, that it is against the peace and dignity of the universe.

—Holmes.

WEALTH.

As the love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches excite pity, contempt, or reproach whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavours to eradicate a desire which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which perhaps had not lost its power even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in

the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been indeed so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shown that by all the wit and reason which this favourite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honours and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be perhaps seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labour or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest: but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher: for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or

by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences placed before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by shewing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne, that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages and much less splendour when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to shew that she imposes upon the careless eye by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe: that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the suppliant.

It may be remarked that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity and glide along in affluence can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only because others have been shown its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must at least have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive

admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardour and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase,—which if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of a wise man. It is certain that with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness.

—*Samuel Johnson.*

FIRST LETTER OF JUNIUS.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

SIR,

January 21, 1769.

The submission of a free people to the executive authority of government, is no more than a compliance with laws which they themselves have enacted. While the national honour is firmly maintained abroad, and while justice is impartially administered at home, the obedience of the subject will be voluntary, cheerful, and I might almost say, unlimited. A generous nation is grateful even for the preservation of its rights, and willingly extends the respect due to the office of a good prince into an affection for his person. Loyalty, in the heart and understanding of an Englishman, is a rational attachment to the guardian of the laws. Prejudices and passion have sometimes carried it to a criminal length; and, whatever foreigners may imagine, we know that Englishmen have erred as much in a mistaken zeal for

particular persons and families, as they ever did in defence of what they thought most dear and interesting to themselves.

It naturally fills us with resentment, to see such a temper insulted, or abused. In reading the history of a free people, whose rights have been invaded, we are interested in their cause. Our own feelings tell us how long they ought to have submitted, and at what moment it would have been treachery to themselves not to have resisted. How much warmer will be our resentment, if experience should bring the fatal example home to ourselves!

The situation of this country is alarming enough to rouse the attention of every man, who pretends to a concern for the public welfare. Appearances justify suspicion, and, when the safety of a nation is at stake, suspicion is a just ground of inquiry. Let us enter into it with candour and decency. Respect is due to the station of ministers; and, if a resolution must at last be taken, there is none so likely to be supported with firmness, as that which has been adopted with moderation.

The ruin or prosperity of a state depends so much upon the administration of its government, that to be acquainted with the merit of a ministry, we need only observe the condition of the people. If we see them obedient to the laws, prosperous in their industry, united at home, and respected abroad, we may reasonably presume that their affairs are conducted by men of experience, abilities and virtue. If, on the contrary, we see an universal spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction, a

rapid decay of trade, dissensions in all parts of the empire, and a total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, we may pronounce, without hesitation, that the government of that country is weak, distracted and corrupt. The multitude, in all countries, are patient to a certain point. Ill-usage may rouse their indignation, and hurry them into excesses, but the original fault is in government. Perhaps there never was an instance of a change in the circumstances and temper of a whole nation so sudden and extraordinary as that which the misconduct of ministers has, within these very few years, produced in Great Britain. When our gracious Sovereign ascended the throne, we were a flourishing and a contented people. If the personal virtues of a king could have insured the happiness of his subjects, the scene could not have altered so entirely as it has done. The idea of uniting all parties, of trying all characters, and of distributing the officers of state by rotation, was gracious and benevolent to an extreme, though it has not yet produced the many salutary effects which were intended by it. To say nothing of the wisdom of such a plan, it undoubtedly arose from an unbounded goodness of heart, in which folly had no share. It was not a capricious partiality to new faces; it was not a natural turn for low intrigue; nor was it the treacherous amusement of double and triple negotiations. No, Sir, it arose from a continued anxiety, in the purest of all possible hearts, for the general welfare. Unfortunately for us, the event has not been answerable to the design. After a rapid succession of changes, we are reduced to that state which hardly any change can mend. Yet there is no extremity

of distress, which of itself ought to reduce a great nation to despair. It is not the disorder, but the physician—it is not a casual concurrence of calamitous circumstances, it is the pernicious hand of government—which alone can make a whole people desperate.

Without much political sagacity, or any extraordinary depth of observation, we need only mark how the principal departments of the state are bestowed, and look no farther for the true cause of every mischief that befalls us.

The finances of a nation, sinking under its debts and expenses, are committed to a young nobleman already ruined by play. Introduced to act under the auspices of Lord Chatham, and left at the head of affairs by that nobleman's retreat, he became minister by accident; but, deserting the principles and professions which gave him a moment's popularity, we see him, from every honourable engagement to the public, an apostate by design. As for business, the world yet knows nothing of his talents or resolution—unless a wayward, wavering inconsistency be a mark of genius, and caprice a demonstration of spirit. It may be said, perhaps, that it is his grace's province, as surely it is his passion, rather to distribute than to save the public money, and that while Lord North is chancellor of the exchequer, the first lord of the treasury may be as thoughtless and as extravagant as he pleases. I hope, however, he will not rely too much on the fertility of Lord North's genius for finance. His lordship is yet to give us the first proof of his abilities. It may be candid to suppose that he has hitherto voluntarily concealed his talents; intending, perhaps, to astonish the world, when we least expect it, with a knowledge of trade, a choice of expedients, and

a depth of resources equal to the necessities, and far beyond the hopes, of his country. He must now exert the whole power of his capacity, if he would wish us to forget, that, since he has been in office, no plan has been formed, no system adhered to, nor any one important measure adopted, for the relief of public credit. If his plan for the service of the current year be not irrevocably fixed on, let me warn him to think seriously of consequences before he ventures to increase the public debt. Outraged and oppressed as we are, this nation will not bear, after a six years' peace, to see new millions borrowed, without an eventual diminution of debt, or reduction of interest. The attempt might rouse a spirit of resentment, which might reach beyond the sacrifice of a minister. As to the debt upon the civil list, the people of England expect that it will not be paid without a strict enquiry how it was incurred. If it must be paid by parliament, let me advise the chancellor of the exchequer to think of some better expedient than a lottery. To support an expensive war, or in circumstances of absolute necessity, a lottery may perhaps be allowable; but, besides that it is at all times the very worst way of raising money upon the people, I think it ill becomes the royal dignity to have the debts of a king provided for, like the repairs of a county bridge, or a decayed hospital. The management of the king's affairs in the House of Commons cannot be more disgraced than it has been. A leading minister repeatedly called down for absolute ignorance—ridiculous motions ridiculously withdrawn—deliberate plans disconcerted, and a week's preparation of graceful oratory lost in a moment,—give us some, though not an adequate, idea of

Lord North's parliamentary abilities and influence. Yet, before he had the misfortune to be chancellor of the exchequer, he was neither an object of derision to his enemies, nor of melancholy pity to his friends.

A series of inconsistent measures had alienated the colonies from their duty as subjects, and from their natural affection to their common country. When Mr. Grenville was placed at the head of the Treasury, he felt the impossibility of Great Britain's supporting such an establishment as her former successes had made indispensable, and at the same time of giving any sensible relief to foreign trade, and to the weight of the public debt. He thought it equitable that those parts of the empire, which had benefited most by the expenses of the war, should contribute something to the expenses of the peace, and he had no doubt of the constitutional right vested in parliament to raise that contribution. But, unfortunately for this country, Mr. Grenville was at any rate to be distressed, because he was minister, and Mr. Pitt and Lord Camden were to be the patrons of America, because they were in opposition. Their declarations gave spirit and argument to the colonies, and while perhaps they meant no more than the ruin of a minister, they in effect divided one half of the empire from the other.

Under one administration the Stamp Act is made; under the second it is repealed; under the third, in spite of all experience, a new mode of taxing the colonies is invented, and a question revived, which ought to have been buried in oblivion. In these circumstances a new office is established for the business of the plantations, and the Earl of Hillsborough called forth, at a most

critical season, to govern America. The choice at least announced to us a man of superior capacity and knowledge. Whether he be so or not, let his despatches, as far they have appeared, let his measures, as far as they have operated, determine for him. In the former we have seen strong assertions without proof, declamation without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation; but neither correctness in the composition, nor judgment in the design. As for his measures, let it be remembered, that he was called upon to conciliate and unite; and that, when he entered into office, the most refractory of the colonies were still disposed to proceed by the constitutional methods of petition and remonstrance. Since that period they have been driven into excesses little short of rebellion. Petitions have been hindered from reaching the throne; and the continuance of one of the principal assemblies rested upon an arbitrary condition, which, considering the temper they were in, it was impossible they should comply with, and which would have availed nothing as to the general question if it had been complied with. So violent, and I believe I may call it so unconstitutional, an exertion of the prerogative, to say nothing of the weak injudicious terms in which it was conveyed, gives us as humble an opinion of his lordship's capacity, as it does of his temper and moderation. While we are at peace with other nations, our military force may perhaps be spared to support the Earl of Hillsborough's measures in America. Whenever that force shall be necessarily withdrawn or diminished, the dismissal of such a minister will neither console us for his imprudence, nor remove the settled resentment of a people,

who, complaining of an act of the legislature, are outraged by an unwarrantable stretch of prerogative, and, supporting their claims by argument, are insulted with declamation.

Drawing lots would be a prudent and reasonable method of appointing the officers of state, compared to a late disposition of the secretary's office. Lord Rochford was acquainted with the affairs and temper of the southern courts—Lord Weymouth was equally qualified for either department. By what unaccountable caprice has it happened, that the latter, who pretends to no experience whatsoever, is removed to the most important of the two departments, and the former by preference placed in an office, where his experience can be of no use to him? Lord Weymouth had distinguished himself in his first employment by a spirited, if not judicious, conduct. He had animated the civil magistrate beyond the tone of civil authority, and had directed the operations of the army to more than military execution. Recovered from the errors of his youth, from the distraction of play, and the bewitching smiles of Burgundy, behold him exerting the whole strength of his clear, unclouded faculties, in the service of the crown. It was not the heat of midnight excesses, nor ignorance of the laws, nor the furious spirit of the House of Bedford. No, Sir, when this respectable minister interposed his authority between the magistrate and the people, and signed the mandate on which, for aught he knew, the lives of thousands depended, he did it from the deliberate motion of his heart, supported by the best of his judgment.

It has lately been a fashion to pay a compliment to the bravery and generosity of the commander-in-chief, at the expense of his understanding. They who love him least make no question of his courage, while his friends dwell chiefly on the facility of his disposition. Admitting him to be as brave as a total absence of all feeling and reflection can make him, let us see what sort of merit he derives from the remainder of his character. If it be generosity to accumulate in his own person and family a number of lucrative employments—to provide, at the public expense, for every creature that bears the name of Manners—and, neglecting the merit and services of the rest of the army, to heap promotions upon his favourites and dependents—the present commander-in-chief is the most generous man alive. Nature has been sparing of her gifts to this noble lord; but, where birth and fortune are united, we expect the noble pride and independence of a man of spirit, not the servile, humiliating complaisance of a courtier. As to the goodness of his heart, if a proof of it be taken from the facility of never refusing, what conclusions shall we draw from the indecency of never performing? And if the discipline of the army be in any degree preserved, what thanks are due to a man, whose cares, notoriously confined to filling up vacancies, have degraded the office of commander-in-chief into a broker of commissions!

With respect to the navy, I shall only say, that this country is so highly indebted to Sir Edward Hawke, that no expense should be spared to secure to him an honourable and affluent retreat.

The pure and impartial administration of justice is perhaps the firmest bond to secure a cheerful submission

of the people, and to engage their affections to government. It is not sufficient that questions of private right and wrong are justly decided, nor that judges are superior to the vileness of pecuniary corruption. Jefferies himself, when the court had no interest, was an upright judge. A court of justice may be subject to another sort of bias, more important and pernicious, as it reaches beyond the interest of individuals, and affects the whole community. A judge under the influence of government, may be honest enough in the decision of private causes, yet a traitor to the public. When a victim is marked out by the ministry, this judge will offer himself to perform the sacrifice. He will not scruple to prostitute his dignity, and betray the sanctity of his office, whenever an arbitrary point is to be carried for government, or the resentments of a court are to be gratified.

These principles and proceedings, odious and contemptible as they are, in effect are no less injudicious. A wise and generous people are roused by every appearance of oppressive, unconstitutional measures, whether those measures are supported openly by the power of government, or masked under the forms of a court of justice. Prudence and self-preservation will oblige the most moderate dispositions to make common cause, even with a man whose conduct they censure, if they see him persecuted in a way which the real spirit of the laws will not justify. The facts, on which these remarks are founded, are too notorious to require an application.

This, Sir, is the detail. In one view, behold a nation overwhelmed with debt; her revenues wasted; her trade declining; the affections of her colonies alienated; the

duty of the magistrate transferred to the soldiery; a gallant army, which never fought unwillingly but against their fellow subjects, mouldering away for want of the direction of a man of common abilities and spirit; and, in the last instance, the administration of justice become odious and suspected to the whole body of the people. This deplorable scene admits but of one addition—that we are governed by councils, from which a reasonable man can expect no remedy but poison, no relief but death.

If, by the immediate interposition of Providence, it were possible for us to escape a crisis so full of terror and despair, posterity will not believe the history of the present times. They will either conclude that our distresses were imaginary, or that we had the good fortune to be governed by men of acknowledged integrity and wisdom: they will not believe it possible that their ancestors could have survived, or recovered from so desperate a condition, while a duke of Grafton was prime minister, a Lord North chancellor of the exchequer, a Weymouth and a Hillsborough secretaries of state, a Granby commander-in-chief, and a Mansfield chief criminal judge of the kingdom.

—*Junius.*

NOTES.

THE POET.

This poem first appeared in *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, 1830. It "makes clear the objective side of poetry—the power of the poet to influence the world, a power founded on his special gifts of sympathy, intuitive insight and keen intellect. Thus his thoughts, borne abroad with winged words among men, call forth their thought, and lend a power to their expression. Thus truth is multiplied, and men, enlightened with wisdom, attain a mighty and bloodless freedom. The poet is, therefore, a gentle but intellectual power making for enlightened liberty."—*Sykes*.

1. **golden clime**, etc. Born under favourable auspices, with poetic gift.

3. **Dower'd with the hate of hate**, etc. The meaning evidently is that the poet possesses hate, scorn, love and the other feelings and passions, in the highest degree. Some writers interpret it to mean that the poet has the qualities which make him hate hate, scorn scorn, and love love.

5. **He saw thro' life**, etc. He understood the wonderful designs of God, the mysteries of life and death, good and evil.

9. **echoing feet—fame**. He entered into sympathy with the higher life in all its forms; step by step he could follow the sages in their flights of fancy.

9. **threaded**. The intellectual and spiritual effort necessary to interpretation might be likened to the patient work of following a winding thread through all its tangles.

13. **Indian reeds**. The South American Indians and others use long wooden tubes through which they blow poisoned arrows.

15. **Calpe unto Caucasus**. These represent the western and the eastern boundaries of the world known to the ancients. Calpe is identified with Gibraltar.

19. **arrow-seeds of the field flower**. The dandelion will illustrate the case. The light seeds are carried by the wind to all parts. Where they fall they take root and give rise to the golden flower.

27. **breathing**. Full of life and spirit.

29. **gird their orbs.** It is as if lesser minds shone with the reflected light of the greater, even as the moon shines with the light of the sun.

35. **wreaths—upcurl'd.** "The breaking up of the darkness like mist or cloud."—*Rolfe*. The cloud represents ignorance and superstition.

36. **Rare.** Uncommonly beautiful.

39. **rites and forms.** These tend to deaden. Truths such as the poet proclaims give new life.

39. **his burning eyes.** The poet's message has been compared to sunrise. Darkness, error, formalism, cannot live where light penetrates.

41. **There was no blood.** Freedom does not come through bloodshed and force, but through the spread of wisdom.

43. **circles of the globes—raiment's hem.** In her intellectual and religious capacity.

49. **did gather thunder.** The words were one thing, the effect of the words a greater thing—the meaning of the words was to the words themselves as the roll of thunder to the lightning's flash.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

"The poet is here considered as a seer. He perceives truths that are not understood by mankind in general. His words are as seeds which take root in countless human hearts. His message is life, inspiration, light. In that light Freedom lives and moves; in the spirit of Wisdom, armed not with sword but with a poet's scroll, she shakes the world."

After reading this poem through several times write out in your own words a summary, after the manner of the above, to show that you appreciate the general movement of the selection.

In order to test your familiarity with the text answer the following:—Birthplace of poet; three ways in which his intensity of feeling is manifested; how his power of discernment is described; what his thoughts are likened to; how the seed-thought is multiplied; what resulted from the multiplying of life and the shedding of light; what was accomplished by Freedom; description of Freedom; the effect of Wisdom.

State in your own words what you conceive to be the mission of the poet. Show that the poet in the past has been the champion of Freedom. Show that this is true of Tennyson himself.

What are the great problems to be faced and solved by the poet, as here laid down by Tennyson (5-9)? Do you know any poem of his which deals with these problems?

Explain the meaning of *Indian reeds, Calpe unto Caucasus, vagrant melodies, wit, gird their orbs, thro' the wreaths of floating dark, rites and forms, orient skies, circles of the globes, evil dreams of power*. Show the force and suitability of the words *golden* (1), *stars* (2), *hate of hate* (3), *echoing* (9), *headed* (11), *winged shafts* (26), *orbs* (29), *wreaths of floating dark* (35), *bold* (38), *no blood* (41), *maiden* (41), *sacred* (47), *no sword* (53).

Give one illustration of a poet's message that has accomplished what is pictured here.

Read this selection to show your sympathy with the views expressed, and to show your appreciation of its literary beauty.

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL (PAGE 3).

This poem appeared at Christmas, 1848. It was written hurriedly—in about forty-eight hours. The poet evidently felt his way, for he hardly knew what he was going to say when he began. The pictures of summer and winter in the preludes are fitting introductions to Parts First and Second.

The Holy Grail was the vessel out of which Christ drank at The Last Supper with his disciples. The legend goes that it was given to Joseph of Arimathea, who had it with him at the Cross and caught in it some of the blood that flowed from the side of Christ. Joseph, being charged with stealing the body of Christ, was imprisoned for forty years, and during that time was miraculously fed from the Holy Grail. When Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus and Vespasian, Joseph was released, and is said to have wandered to Britain. He erected a monastery at Glastonbury, where the Grail was kept and had marvellous healing powers. The keepers of the vessel were sworn to purity of life, but one of them broke her vow and the Grail was taken to heaven. It was supposed that it could still be seen and won, and it became the custom of ambitious knights to go in search of it.

In general, the search for the Grail is the search for truth and light, for Christ-likeness, for the ideal. Sir Launfal finds the ideal by a simple, loving act at his own gate, a beautiful thought when we consider Sir Launfal as a type.

The treatment of the search for the Grail, or for the ideal life, by Tennyson, is altogether different from that of Lowell. It would be well to read *Sir Galahad*, *The Idylls of the King*, *Merlin and the Gleam*, *The Voyage*, *Ulysses*, *St. Agnes' Eve*.

1. **Musing organist.** The organist sits at his instrument possessed of a vague feeling which he would make definite in music. As he improvises, the feeling becomes more definite and the expression more adequate. Feeling and expression assist each other. That which was at first felt vaguely is now felt clearly and expressed more definitely. The dream has become a reality. So it is with the poet. (See Lowell's *Incident in a Railroad Car*.)

7. **auroral.** Dawning (Aurora, goddess of the dawn).

9. **around our infancy.** See Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

12. **Sinai.** The mountain on which God talked with Moses. Each day we stand face to face with God.

17. **druid.** The Druids performed their mysterious rites under the trees. "The groves were God's first temples."

18. **Benedicite.** Blessing (benediction).

24. **cap and bells.** Symbols of the fool or jester.

43. **chalice.** Cup; especially in reference to the cup used at The Lord's Supper.

72. **couriers.** Messengers.

113. **North Countree.** Northern England, the supposed scene in this case.

119. **pavilions.** The trees are compared to tents—shelter and shade.

127. **maiden.** Pure.

165. **all-sustaining Beauty.** The feeling of humanity, brotherhood, love.

213. **Yule-log.** The large log placed upon the grate fire at Christmas time.

230. **seneschal.** Head officer of the castle.

252. **surcoat.** The large outer-coat worn over the armour.

252. **blazoned.** The Cross was worked upon the coat—an indication that the wearer was working for Christ's sake.

261. **snake-like caravan.** This is a vision or reminiscence.

271. **camels may reach.** Musing is at an end when good may be done.

276. **desolate horror.** Because lepers are banished from the society of men.

304. **Beautiful gate.** *Acts*, iii, 2.

342. **Hall and bower.** Castle and garden.

PART I.

- | | | | |
|----------|---|----------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Prelude. | { | 1-8. | The poet likens himself to an organist. |
| | | 9-20. | Every day there are forces urging us upward. |
| | | 21-30. | The distinction between earthly and heavenly—purchase <i>vs.</i> gift. |
| | | 30-90. | A description of one of heaven's gifts—a day in June. |
| | | 91-92. | The effect of the day on Sir Launfal. |
| Part I. | { | 93-102. | The Making of the Vow. |
| | | 103-324. | The Vision. |
| | | (a) | The proud castle. |
| | | (b) | The strong young knight. |
| | | (c) | The leper at the gate. |
| | | (d) | The giving and refusing of alms. |

PART II.

- | | | | |
|----------|---|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| Prelude. | { | 171-176. | The coming of the frost-king. |
| | | 177-207. | The picture of the frozen brook. |
| | | 208-221. | The picture of the Christmas-fire in the hall. |
| | | 222-236. | The returning Sir Launfal, his sufferings, his rejection. |
| Part II. | { | 237-246. | The picture of dreary, cheerless winter. |
| | | 247-257. | The frail but humble Sir Launfal leaving his gate. |
| | | 258-269. | His vision of the summer time. |
| | | 270-275. | The leper. |
| | | 276-324. | The gift, its acceptance, the result. |
| | | 325-330. | Awaking from the Vision. |
| | | 331-344. | Result of the Vision. |

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

After reading this poem through endeavour to tell the story in as interesting a manner as possible. Tell it again, endeavouring to improve on your first effort. Write out an outline, after the manner of that just given, to show your appreciation of the general movement. Contrast the Sir Launfal of Part First with the Sir Launfal of Part

Second as to dress, appearance, language, deeds, heart. How is each prelude related to the part which follows?

PRELUDE TO PART I.

Read the first eight lines to express the feeling of the poet. Explain *know it not*, line 12; *utter prophecies*, line 15. By what natural forces or objects have you felt your own life influenced? Why is the phrase *with arms outstretched* so suitable? What other expressions in lines 9-20 are particularly apt? Why would it not have done equally well to begin this poem with line 30? In lines 30-53 note the force of *Heaven tries the earth, in tune, her warm ear lays, stir of night, instinct, climbs to a soul, flush of life, startles, atilt, illumined, dumb, nice*. What is the poet's idea of the relation between earth and heaven? Compare the birds in lines 50-53. What do they typify? What expressions in lines 30-53 appear to have special beauty? Explain in lines 54-88 the words *high-tide, flooding, new wine, upward striving, unscarred, sulphurous rifts*. In what way is man influenced by nature? Give your own experience. Read these lines so as to give the feeling they are intended to convey. How does the teaching agree with that in *The Cathedral*?

What we call Nature, all outside ourselves,
Is but our own conceit of what we see,
Our own reaction upon what we feel,
The world's a woman to our shifting mood,
Feeling with us, or making due pretence;
I find my own complexion everywhere.

PART I.

What preparations did Sir Launfal make for his journey? What did these indicate as to his spirit? Had he any preconceived notions as to how the Grail was to be won? What did he mean by sleeping on the rushes? Study the aptness of the figure in line 104, and the use of the word *flew* in line 105. Compare the castle with its environment. What does the castle typify? In what respect does Sir Launfal resemble (1) the castle, (2) summer? Read lines 125-136 so that Sir Launfal will be seen, and so that your hearers will get a correct impression of him. What in your opinion is the weak point in his character? Examine into the suitability of the adjectives in these lines. Note the brightness expressed by them. Is it a pleasing brightness? How did the leper affect Sir Launfal? Why (see line 153)? What words or expression in lines 144-155 seem to give particular beauty to the thought?

Note the effect of *rasped harshly, tossed*. In what spirit did Sir Launfal make the gift? Why does the leper refuse? What gift would the leper have valued? What is the *thread* which unites all? Was Sir Launfal lacking in the feeling of brotherhood? Read lines 156-170 to convey the feeling.

PRELUDE TO PART II.

Why is the picture here so different from that in Prelude to Part I? What poetical skill is exhibited in lines 178-206? Why is the picture inside the castle presented before Sir Launfal is mentioned? What feeling had you towards Sir Launfal on his departure from the castle? What feeling have you after reading lines 223-229? Why have you changed? Why is Christmas chosen for this scene? Has the castle-life changed in spirit since Sir Launfal left? Contrast lines 230-236 with lines 109-117 and lines 139-141.

PART II.

Contrast the picture in lines 237-246 with that in lines 119-124. Show how this contrast is paralleled by the contrast between the departing and the returning knight. Note the force of *numb, shroud, sapless, decrepity, dim*. Why does Sir Launfal not grieve over the loss of his heritage? Compare his dress on his return with his dress on leaving home. Compare his spirit on his return with his spirit on leaving. Why is the picture in lines 258-269 made so attractive? What poetic skill is manifested here? Can you sketch this picture? Give suggestions for a sketch of Sir Launfal at this time. Compare the leper in lines 270-276 with the leper in Part I. Why should he be more hideous here? By his treatment of the leper in this case do you think the knight has learned the lesson of lines 160-170? What is now the controlling motive in his life? What was the controlling motive on his departure from home? Why should he have the feeling indicated in line 291? What contrasts in lines 285-298 make this picture have such a meaning? Explain the references in lines 299-306. Can you repeat from memory lines 307-324? Do lines 323 and 324 express what is true with regard to all true service of love? Have you any personal experience on this point? Compare lines 325-330 with lines 93-102. What, in your opinion, have been the great changes in the knight?

GENERAL QUESTIONS.

How much of this poem has appealed to you so forcibly that you have committed it to memory? Compare the teaching of this poem with the

teaching and practice of Christ. How does Lowell's knight compare with one of Tennyson's knights? Can you read portions of this poem to show your appreciation of the thought and of the literary form?

MORTE D'ARTHUR (PAGE 14).

Tennyson was early interested in the legends clustering around the mythical British king, Arthur. The selection in the text is but a fragment now incorporated in the "Passing of Arthur," the last of *The Idylls of the King*.

After the discovery of the guilt of the queen, and the flight of Lancelot to his kingdom beyond the sea, Arthur gathered his knights together and pursued Lancelot. After waging an unsuccessful war for some time he was compelled to return on account of a revolt headed by his traitorous nephew, Modred. The king met the army of the rebels and defeated them, killing Modred with his own hand, but in the struggle he himself was mortally wounded.

3. King Arthur's table. The order takes its name from a large, round table at which the king and his knights took their meals. It had been given to the king by King Leodogran, on the occasion of the marriage of Arthur and Guinevere. Some accounts say there were 150 seats at the table. One of the seats was called the *Siege* (seat) *Perilous*, because it swallowed up any impure person who sat in it. Sir Galahad the Pure was the only knight who could sit in it with safety.

4. Lyonesse. A fabulous country touching Cornwall, now covered by the sea.

A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again.

6. bold Sir Bedivere.

For bold in heart and act and word was he
Whenever slander breathed against the king.

21. Camelot. The city where Arthur held his court; now identified with a village in Somersetshire. See in *The Holy Grail* the lines beginning

O brother, had you known our mighty hall,
Which Merlin built for Arthur long ago.

23. **Merlin.** The great enchanter.

The most famous man of all those times,
Merlin, who knew the range of all their arts,
Had built the king his havens, ships and halls,
Was also Bard, and knew the starry heavens ;
The people called him Wizard.

See the Idyll *Merlin and Vivien* and Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*.

27. **Excalibur.** Arthur's magic sword (cut-steel). According to the English romance the sword was inscribed

Ich am y-hote Escalabore,
Unto a king a fair tresore.

For the history of the sword see *The Coming of Arthur*, lines 295-308. The notion of an enchanted weapon or enchanted armour is common in literature. See *Sword* in Brewer's *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*.

31. **samite.** A rich silk stuff interwoven with gold or silver thread.

37. **fling him.** The sword personified.

57. **topaz.** A jewel of various colors.

57. **jacinth.** A jewel (hyacinth) blue and purple.

63. **many-knotted.** Reeds with numerous joints.

80. **lief.** Beloved.

84. **Counting the dewy pebbles.** See *Maud*, II, 2, 8-15.

86. **chased.** Engraved.

104. **maiden of the Lake.** "With that they saw a damsel going on the lake. 'What damsel is that?' said Arthur. 'That is the Lady of the Lake,' said Merlin ; and within that lake is a rock, and therein is as fair a palace as any on earth and richly beseen."—*Malory*. In the *Idylls* the Lady of the Lake typifies Religion. See *The Coming of Arthur*, 282-293, and *Gareth and Lynette*, 210-219.

110. **conceit.** Thought.

130. **prosper.** Do his duty.

148. **thicker breath.** Breathing more heavily.

193. **hove.** Was lying.

197. **Black-stoled.** The stole was a long, loose robe reaching to the feet.

198. **Three Queens.** See *The Coming of Arthur*, 275-278 : "One Queen was Arthur's sister ; another was the Queen of the North Gales ;

the third was the Queen of the Waste Lands." These three probably typify Faith, Hope, and Love, which are the strength of the soul in its battle with evil.

215. **greaves.** Armour for the lower part of the legs.

215. **cuisses.** Armour for the thighs.

233. **Elders.** Reference to the visit of the *Wise Men* with their gifts of frankincense and myrrh.

235. **image.** "Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, for by the Round Table is the world signified by right."—*Malory*.

259. **Avilion.** "Supposed to be (1) a valley nearly surrounded by the river, near Glastonbury, where Joseph of Arimathea is said to have first landed with the Holy Grail; (2) an ocean-island not far from the terrestrial paradise—the abode of Arthur and his sister."

267. **ere her death.** The swan is supposed to sing just before her death.

269. **swarthy webs.** Dark-colored web-feet.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Tell the story in your own words. What do you most admire in Arthur's character as it is here painted? What is your estimate of Bedivere? Can you quote the passages in which the beauty and splendour of Excalibur are set forth; in which Sir Bedivere reports to the king what he has seen and heard; in which the king is received by the three queens; in which are given the king's last words? What beautiful descriptions of nature are given in this poem? What evidences of literary skill do you find in lines 9, 37, 48 and 49, 70 and 71, 105 and 106, 113 and 114, 200 to 203? Point out other evidences of skill. Give the force or appropriateness of the following expressions: *broken chancel* (9), *unsolders* (14), *old man* (107), *clouded* (110), *clutch'd* (135), *remorsefully* (171), *feels a nightmare* (177), *larger than human* (183), *tingling* (199), *bitter* (211), *gold chains* (255). Give other illustrations of beauty of expression in word or phrase. What figure does Tennyson employ most frequently in this poem, and with what purpose? If this poem along with others of its class "shadows sense at war with soul," indicate the exact nature of the struggle that is set forth here. Read, to express the feeling and the music of the poetry, lines 53-65, 88-109, 133-146, 193-203, 204-225, 240-264. Quote lines that are likely to become familiar quotations, as, "Authority forgets a dying king."

FAIR HELEN (PAGE 22).

Ballads are the product of an age when reading was not a general accomplishment. Songs of home and country, love and war were passed from mouth to mouth and from generation to generation. The minstrels usually altered the compositions to suit the tastes of their hearers, so that a ballad is not the work of any one mind. The ballad in its style and treatment is usually direct and concerns itself with a simple theme. It is usually based on some occurrence of popular interest. This ballad is an ancient popular song, differing from the ordinary ballad in that it emphasizes the subjective rather than the objective—the feeling in the mind of the reciter rather than the deed which gave rise to the feeling. A lady by the name of Helen *Irving*, or *Bell* (disputed), daughter of Laird Kirkconnell in Dumfries-shire, had two lovers. The one she favoured was Adam Fleming, but as he was not welcomed by her friends she was obliged to meet him in the churchyard of Kirkconnell. On one of these occasions the rejected lover appeared and levelled a carbine at his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover and received the bullet. In the combat which followed Fleming hewed the murderer to pieces. The fate of Helen has been sung by many modern bards, Wordsworth being one of the number. The ballad as here printed is from *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* where it is given “without alteration or improvement from the most accurate copy which could be procured.” The original ballad consists of two parts. Part I was evidently not composed by the same minstrel as Part II, for it is inferior in every way.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Taking this and the following selection as types of the ballad what are the characteristic features of this style of verse? Name other ballads and test your answer by reference to them. Apart from the story what attractiveness do you find in this selection?

SIR PATRICK SPENS (PAGE 24).

It is supposed that this ballad is based on some historic incident connected with Margaret, grand-daughter of Alexander III, of Scotland (died 1285). She was the daughter of the King of Norway. No incident corresponding to it is known to have occurred. The dialect is Lowland Scotch.

1. **Dunfermline.** In Fifeshire, residence of Alexander III.
3. **skeely.** Skilful.
9. **braid letter.** An open letter.
19. **neist.** Next.
29. **hoysed.** Hoist.
32. **Wodensday.** Wednesday.
38. **queenis.** Queen's.
55. **lift.** Sky.
56. **gurly.** Stormy.
57. **lap.** Leaped, *i.e.*, broke.
71. **bout.** A plank started ; probably the word is a form of "bolt."
75. **wap.** Wrap.
86. **flattered.** Fluttered or floated.
93. "This picture of the ladies walking with their fans and gold combs is purely conventional, and evidently gives the point of view of those who have but an outside and distant prospect of life among the upper classes."—*Alexander.*

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

What element of character is magnified in this selection? Tell the story in simple prose. What devices are employed by the poet to make vivid the pictures in this poem? What feelings are most prominent in the various portions of this poem? Read so as to show your appreciation of these feelings.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN (PAGE 28).

"Mary Campbell, the heroine of this and several of Burns' finest songs, belonged to the neighbourhood of Dunoon, a village on the Frith of Clyde. She was in the service of Montgomery of Coilsfield, when Burns first became acquainted with her. She was a beautiful girl, the beau ideal of a 'Scotch lassie,' who was as good as she was beautiful. There had been some love passages, though not on his part of a serious nature, between them, and when the rupture with the Armour family took place his thoughts strayed towards Mary Campbell. There can

be no doubt that very soon a deep and sincere attachment sprang up between them. It was arranged that Mary should leave her place in May, to prepare for her change of condition. Before she went to her father's house they met and parted, when the following ceremony was enacted between them :—

“Taking up their postures on the opposite sides of a small brook, and holding a Bible between them, they exchanged vows of fidelity towards each other. They then exchanged Bibles. The copy given to Mary has been preserved ; it is in two volumes. On a blank leaf of the first volume is inscribed, in the poet's hand-writing, ‘And ye shall not swear by my name falsely : I am the Lord’—*Lev. xix, 12*. In the second volume, ‘Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath’—*Matt. v, 33*. Another blank leaf in this volume bears his name and his masonic-mark.

“The lovers never met again. A few weeks after, Mary Campbell died suddenly at Greenock. Recently a monument was erected over her grave by several admirers of the poet. On the third anniversary of the death of Highland Mary, Jean Armour, by that time his wife, tells us that, towards the evening, ‘he grew sad about something, went into the barn-yard, where he strode restlessly up and down for some time, although repeatedly asked to come in. Immediately on entering the house he sat down and wrote *To Mary in Heaven*,’ an outpouring of passion, which Lockhart characterizes as ‘the noblest of all his ballads.’”—*W. M. Rossetti*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Under what circumstances was this poem written? What kind of a poem would you call it? What is the dominant emotion in the poem? Do you consider the emotion genuine? What reasons have you for thinking so? Is the language too refined and figurative to express real emotion? How do you account for the fact that there is an entire absence of dialect in this poem? Compare with *Highland Mary* in this respect. What use is made of nature in this poem? Is the language used too extravagant? What purpose is served by repeating lines 5-8 at the end of the poem? From reading the poem what impression would you form of Burns? Compare this poem with any other poem “In Memoriam” that you may have read.

HIGHLAND MARY (PAGE 29).

“This is another magnificent expression of Burns’ passion for Highland Mary. Writing to Thomson, he says: ‘The following song pleases me; I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days; and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verses set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps, after all, it is the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition.’”—*W. M. Rossetti*.

4. **drumlie.** Muddy.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

What use is made of nature in this poem? What is the effect of the Scottish dialect? Which of these two poems relating to Mary Campbell strikes you as being the more genuine? What use is made of figure in the poem? What strikes you as the leading characteristic of the poem? Compare this poem with *To Mary in Heaven* as to melody of verse.

TO A SKYLARK (PAGE 30).

With regard to this poem Mrs. Shelley says, “In the spring (of 1820) we spent a week or two near Leghorn. It was on a beautiful summer evening, while wandering among the lanes, where myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the carolling of the skylark, which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems.” Burroughs says, “The lark’s song is not especially melodious, but lithesome, sibilant and unceasing. Its type is the grass where the bird makes its home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down thick and fast, as drops of rain in a summer shower.”

8. **cloud of fire.** This modifies “springest.” The bird is already in the clouds.

15. **unbodied.** Spirit. See line 1.

16. **even.** This is generally interpreted as “morning,” but this interpretation is by no means certain. The poem was written after hearing the lark sing in the evening.

22. **sphere.** The moon. Some take this to refer to the “star” in line 18.

55. **heavy-wingèd.** Slow-moving.

61. **sprite.** Originally the same word as spirit.

66. **Chorus hymeneal.** Marriage song.

83. **true and deep.** "The lark must have penetrated more deeply than Shelley into the sad secrets of humanity, otherwise it could not sing so joyously."

100. **scorner of the ground.** "Not that the lark, in any vulgar sense of the word, 'scorns' the ground, for he dwells upon it; but that, like the poet, nobody can take leave of common places with more heavenly triumph."—*Leigh Hunt*.

103. **harmonious madness.** "Strains of exalted poetry."—*Sykes*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Go through the poem weighing the significance of each word, as, *blithe, profuse, unpremeditated, unbodied*. See the pictures in the first six stanzas; study the similes on page 31; note the poet's supposition as to the bird's source of joy (lines 71-75); and his comparison between the lark's joy and human joy in the closing stanzas. Apart from the thought what beauty do you discover in this poem? Read it so as to bring out that beauty. How much of the poem can you repeat from memory? Can you think of any other poem in which the poet appears to become so thoroughly at one with his subject? Do you know any other poem in which the language is so well suited to the subject?

TO THE DAISY (PAGE 33).

This poem was written in the orchard at Grasmere in 1802, and first published in 1807. It does not give a description of the daisy, but deals rather with the thoughts that rise in the poet's mind at the sight of the flower.

7. **Nature's love.** Love nature through the flower.

14. **Wight.** Fellow.

15. **crimson.** See page 36, line 1.

17. **morrice train.** A train of morris or Moorish dancers.

25. **mews.** A retired place.

32. **Poet's darling.** Many poets, Chaucer among the number, have celebrated the daisy in their verses.

76. **leveret.** A young hare.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

"I turn from noisy pleasure to thee, sweet flower. Thou art the darling of the seasons, the friend of the lanes and neglected corners. Thou art not a showy flower but the poet's darling. He finds thee a friend in a quiet hour. Thou givest delight, love, inspiration. Thou teachest humility. Thou hast thy morning and evening lesson. To thee I owe a new sense or instinct—thy genial influence is felt but cannot be explained. Thou art indeed Nature's favourite." Make out a rough analysis of the poem, after the manner of the above, to get the movement. To which of our wild flowers would these lines be most suitable? Which lines have appealed to you most strongly? Which of our wild flowers have been to you what ll. 65-72 indicate?

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY (PAGE 36).

In April, 1786, Burns was ploughing on his farm at Mossgiel, when his plough happened to turn down a daisy. The poet at once stopped his team and composed this poem. There is some autobiographical significance in the poem.

3. **stoure.** Dust.

15. **glinted.** Peeped.

21. **bield.** Shelter.

23. **histie.** Barren.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Make out an outline or rough analysis of this poem. Is there any part of Wordsworth's poem that expresses the same love and solicitude for the little flower as stanza 2 of this poem? What feeling pervades Wordsworth's poem? What feeling is uppermost in this poem of Burns? Examine the modifying words (adjectives and adverbs) in these two poems and study their suitability. In addition to the wise use of adjectives in this poem what strength of composition is shown? Do you know any other poem in which the modifying words are so aptly chosen? On what does Burns rely to secure poetic effect? Compare with Tennyson in this respect.

THE FIRE OF DRIFTWOOD (PAGE 37).

In September, 1846, Longfellow drove to Devreux Farm, near Lynn, to visit a friend. After dinner they drove to Marblehead—a strange old place on a rocky promontory. Near here is the reef of Norman's Woe. On returning to the farm they sat on the rocks and listened to the bellowing of the savage sea. The outcome of the visit was *The Fire of Driftwood*, which appeared in 1850.

Marblehead. On a promontory reaching out into Massachusetts Bay.

7. dismantled fort. Fort Sewall, built in 1742, rebuilt during the American civil war.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Contrast lines 35, 36 with lines 43, 44. What comparison forms the central idea in this poem? Can you give concrete illustrations of ll. 17-20, 21-24, 41, 42? What, in your opinion, are the most beautiful lines in this poem? Write out in your own words the general thought of this poem.

AS SHIPS, BECALMED AT EVE (PAGE 39).

Clough's title for this poem is *Qua Cursum Ventus—Whither the Wind Carries*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

"Two ships lie side by side at evening. In the night their sails are filled, and at morning they are leagues apart. The separation during the hours of night has been unknown to them. So with lives. A few short years and what a change! Kindred spirits unconsciously drift apart. What should be done? Each vessel, true to its compass, will at last reach port, though the course of the two may be somewhat different."

Write out in your own words the argument of this poem in similar form to that given above. Write out the teaching of the poem in the form of a simile. In your own experience have you known anything of the estrangement in stanza 3? What is the meaning of lines 15 and 16 as applied to human life? What will be the effect of believing fully the teaching of these two lines? What is the meaning of *compass* in l. 19 as applied to life? In connection with this poem read *Ambrose*, by Lowell. What thought is common to this poem and *The Fire of Driftwood*? Which poem gives you comfort?

ST. AGNES' EVE (PAGE 40).

This poem was first published in *The Keepsake* for 1837, and subsequently included in the 1842 volumes. The title until 1855 was *Saint Agnes*. The poem "puts into the mouth of a woman the raptures and ecstasy of a pure spirit yearning for the Beatific Vision, and for closer communion with God."—*Rowe and Webb*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Read in connection with this poem *Ulysses, Sir Galahad, The Voyage, Merlin and the Gleam*. What thought or feeling is common to them all? In this particular poem what is the ideal towards which the soul is striving? Note the harmony between the soul's feeling in stanza 1, and the world that the soul perceives. Is this harmonizing of the objective and subjective common with Tennyson? Have you seen other examples of it in the poems you have studied so far? In this connection examine the suitability of *sparkling, breath to heaven like vapour goes, snowy sward, frosty skies, first snowdrop, yonder argent, yon starlight, a glittering star*. Read this poem so that your voice and manner will indicate the growth of the feeling of longing and ecstasy. Can you recall any portions of Scripture in which this same longing is expressed?

SIR GALAHAD (PAGE 41).

This poem was first published in the 1842 volume. It has not been altered since its first publication. "The poem gives us the ideal man, or the warrior-saint of mediævalism, who goes in search of the Holy Grail. Galahad is pure and spiritual and visionary. St. Agnes seems to be in heaven, but Galahad is a heavenly man on earth, with a little of the earth-spirit clinging to him. A thin veil threads his pure heroic soul—a vein of self-consciousness. He is a man, and as self-esteem is not easily wrought out of a man, he is not so spiritual as St. Agnes. His vision is not filled with that Other Self; but his own self creeps in and seems to say: 'Some of Christ and some of self.'"—*Oates*.

9. **lists**. The enclosed piece of ground within which the combat took place.

18. **crypt**. Underground cell in a chapel.

25. **stormy crescent**. The moon during a storm.

29. **secret shrine**. Here follows a description of a church and the celebration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper therein.

34. **vessels.** The vessels containing the bread and wine used in the sacrament.

35. **shrill bell.** "The bell rung at the elevation of the Host, during the celebration of the Mass. At a certain point in the service the officiating priest lifts the consecrated wafer for the adoration of the people."—*Rowe and Webb*.

37. **meres.** Lakes.

46. **mortal bars.** The body.

53. **leads.** The roofs of the houses covered with lead.

81. **hostel.** Inn.

81. **grange.** Farmhouse.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

What is the ideal towards which the knight is striving here? Is it essentially different from that in the last poem? Are the means adopted to realize the ideal the same? In what respects does the language—words, figures, etc.—in this poem differ from the language in *St. Agnes' Eve*? Is there any reason for this difference? Give illustrations of sound echoing the sense. Read stanza 1 so that the tones of the voice may assist in making the thought clear. Read stanza 3 so as to express the ecstasy in the young knight's soul.

"A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID" (PAGE 44).

This song is from *Rokeby*. It is sung by one of a band of robbers. Scott says, "The last verse of this song is taken from the fragment of an old Scottish ballad of which I only recollected two verses when the first edition of *Rokeby* was published. Mr. Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to me an entire copy of this beautiful song which seems to express the fortunes of some followers of the Stuart family." Here follows what is generally accepted to be *The Farewell*, by Burns:

It was a' for our rightful king
 That we left fair Scotland's strand;
 It was a' for our rightful king
 We e'er saw Irish land,
 My dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

In connection with this poem read Whittier's *Waiting* which is published in Vol. I of this series. The quiet, humble life moving faithfully in its own orbit is as acceptable as the strong, sturdy life. Read I *Corinthians*, xii. What other passages of scripture bear out the same teaching? In what spirit are the words of Part I spoken? In what spirit the words of Part II? What two types of life are represented by the mountain-dwellers, and the dwellers in the valley? Can you name any other literary selections that emphasize the truth the poet is here endeavouring to set forth?

THE RECOLLECTION (PAGE 46).

This poem was addressed "To Jane"—Mrs. Williams—and recalls a day spent in a pine forest near Pisa, in Italy. This is really the second part of a poem, the first part of which is entitled *The Invitation*.

74. **elysian.** Heavenly.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

What epithets are used in stanzas 2 to 4 to produce the effect of quiet? What figures are used by the poet in these stanzas? Do they add clearness, force or elegance to the expression? Note how the poet has selected from the mass of details those things which appeal most strongly to the sense of beauty. Why should there be a personal reference in lines 87 and 88?

OZYMANDIAS (PAGE 49).

This poem first appeared in *The Examiner* in 1818. The statue here referred to was said by Diodorus to be the largest in Egypt—the foot being over seven feet in length. The inscription on it was, "I am Ozymandias, king of kings; if any one wishes to know what I am and where I lie, let him surpass me in some of my exploits." The theme, of course, is the littleness of the achievements of man in comparison with the gigantic forces of nature.

8. **mocked.** Imitated.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Express in a single sentence the thought of this sonnet. Paraphrase it so as to show clearly the line of thought. What is the life-lesson of the poem? How is the lesson brought out? Is the title suitable? If not, suggest a title. How do you defend Shelley's choice of title? Note the form of this poem. Does it conform to the regular sonnet type? Mark the rhyme scheme.

THE BUILDERS (PAGE 50).

"The allegory that pervades this poem is that of a great temple reared by humanity with its achievements. If we are true builders our deeds will enter as perfect parts into this temple, which will then be fit as for the dwelling of the gods; if we are negligent then our lives will be but as 'blocks of stumbling' to ourselves and to our successors. If our deeds to-day are wise and good they will amply sustain our deeds of to-morrow, and we rising with our rising deeds at last shall attain the fullest perfection of which life is capable. The reader of this poem, as with many of the poems of Longfellow, must be satisfied with the truth of general impression, not striving to find minute truth in every detail of the allegory."—*Sykes*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

A very commonplace topic is elevated to the emotional and imaginative by associating it with metre, rhyme, and the use of metaphor. Which of the stanzas seems to have the greatest literary merit? Which of them have you committed to memory?

ELEGIAC STANZAS (PAGE 51).

Sir George Beaumont was a landscape painter of note in his own day, and an intimate friend of Wordsworth. Peele Castle is on the coast of Lancashire. Wordsworth spent four weeks in 1794 in a village opposite the castle. In the year in which these stanzas were written (1805) Wordsworth's brother, a commander of a vessel, was drowned.

15. **that never was.** "An ideal beauty such as never actually existed, but is conceived of in the mind of the Poet and the Artist, and

hallows their work."—*Webb*. The poet here indicates what he feels to be one of the legitimate aims of an artist—to idealize what comes before his eyes.

17. **hoary**. Gray with age.

18. **different from this**. Beaumont pictured the castle in a storm, not as Wordsworth saw it.

22. **chronicle of heaven**. "A record of more than earthly happiness."

26. **Elysian**. Elysian fields were the islands of the blessed; therefore, Elysian=blissful.

29. **fond**. Foolish.

32. **betrayed**. Lost, parted with.

34. **a new control**. Since his brother's death the sea has to him a new meaning; he can never look upon even a glassy sea with the same feelings as in the past.

35. **power**. To see things in their ideal aspect.

36. **deep distress**. The death of his brother.

45. **passionate**. Expressing deep feeling.

54. **the kind**. The human race.

56. **pitied**. The poet feels that better than the poet's dreaming is bearing, and helping others to bear, with patience and fortitude the trials of life.

57. **cheer**. Cheerfulness.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Into what two parts does this poem naturally divide itself? Contrast the second part with the first. What has caused the change in Wordsworth's attitude towards nature? Is the change a natural one? Which is the more genuine feeling, or are both genuine? In which mood is he nearer humanity? Trace clearly the line of thought through the poem. State the substance of the poem in a brief sentence or two. What is the life-lesson of the poem? Contrast the imagery of the second part with the first. After reading this poem draw a mental portrait of the poet. Compare the picture of quiet in the opening of this poem with that given in the opening of Shelley's *Recollection*. Compare the language in the opening stanzas with that in the 12th and 13th stanzas. Read this selection so as to express the varying emotions. Compare this poem with other poems of Wordsworth given in this volume, and state what you consider his chief characteristics are. In connection with this poem read Tennyson's *Palace of Art*.

THE WHITETHROAT (PAGE 53).

The white-throated sparrow is well known to all Canadian children because of his familiar song. The notes have been variously interpreted. Some hear in them the words, "Poor humanity-manity-manity." See *The Song Sparrow*, by Sir J. D. Edgar. Others hear what the poet here gives, "I-love-dear-Canada-Canada-Canada." The bird is shy, but, as is shown in W. J. Long's sketches, may be petted and coaxed into familiarity. See *Little Killolleet*.

1. **silver arrows.** Pure but piercing. Very few sounds of the woods carry like the notes of this little bird.

A DAY-DREAM (PAGE 54).

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

In connection with this it would be well to recall a few such selections as *My Castles in Spain*, from *Prue and I* (Curtis), and *Reveries of a Bachelor* (Ik Marvel). Can you recall any other cases in which authors appear to become lost to their surroundings and absorbed in some picture of imagination or memory? Does this appear to you to be one of the great values of poetry—to draw you for the time away from the actual into the realm of the ideal? What is the force of the last line?

YARROW UNVISITED (PAGE 55).

This poem was written at Grasmere in 1803 and published in 1807. Dorothy Wordsworth records in her *Journal*: "We left the Tweed when we were within about a mile and a half or two miles of Clovenford. At Clovenford, being so near to the Yarrow, we could not but think of the possibility of going thither, but came to the conclusion of reserving the pleasure for some future time, in consequence of which, after our return, William wrote the poem." All the places mentioned in the poem are in the southern part of Scotland, near the border. The Yarrow is one of the most celebrated streams in Scottish minstrelsy. The poem is, as Dowden says, a plea for preserving the ideal Yarrow of the imagination rather than looking on the real stream.

6. **Marrow.** Partner. The poet's sister Dorothy is referred to.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow.

—*Hamilton of Bangour.*

17. **Galla.** A tributary of the Tweed, which it enters near Abbotsford, the old home of Sir Walter Scott. The **Leader** enters the Tweed near Melrose. **Haughs** means low-lying lands.

20. **lintwhites.** Linnets.

35. **apple.** "Probably the red berry of the rowan or mountain ash."—*Dowden*.

37. **Strath.** Valley.

43. **St. Mary's Lake.** The source of the Yarrow.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

What is the theme of this poem? Is too much made of a very unimportant matter, or is the subject of such importance as to warrant such full treatment? Why did Wordsworth wish to visit the Yarrow? What is the purpose of the references to so many border names and scenes? Do you agree with the thought in the seventh stanza? Is the poem improved by the addition of the last stanza? Can you parallel this thought from any other poem of Wordsworth you have read?

YARROW VISITED (PAGE 57).

This poem was written in 1814. It commemorates a visit paid to the Yarrow in company with the Scottish poet, Hogg. In contrast with *Yarrow Unvisited* the poem records the impressions made on the poet by the actual sight of the stream which he had so long idealized in his imagination.

25. **Flower of Yarrow.** This name is usually applied not to the youth who was slain, but to the young lady who was left disconsolate at the death of her lover. The beautiful ballad to which the poet refers is the *Braes of Yarrow*, by William Hamilton of Bangour. The ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*, Second Series, Book VI, No. 24. Scott applies the expression to the wife of Walter of Harden in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

Not even the Flower of Yarrow's charms
In youth might tame his rage for arms.

55. **Newark's Towers.** Celebrated in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Comment on the opening lines of the poem and show their effectiveness. What is the effect on the poet of the sight of the Yarrow? How

does he describe this effect? What characteristics of the stream seem to have impressed him the most? Describe the Yarrow, following the poet as closely as possible. Is there any attempt at humour in the poem? Is the attempt successful? What is the effect of the reference to the Flower of Yarrow Vale? Compare the ideal Yarrow of the last poem with the real Yarrow of this selection. Is the poet satisfied that he has seen the Yarrow? Can you come to any conclusion as to Wordsworth's attitude to Nature from reading these two Yarrow poems? Read *The Tables Turned* and *Elegiac Stanzas* and answer this last question again.

THE TABLES TURNED (PAGE 60).

Composed and published in 1798. "The point emphasized here is the superiority of the temper and general character begotten by intercourse with nature, to that produced by a purely intellectual attitude of mind which is always busied with pulling things to pieces in order to find out the way they are put together, or seeking reasons for their existence; but which does not look at things as they are or have any time for feelings about things. The thought which Wordsworth here and elsewhere utters is partly the outcome of a widespread reaction against the hard, dry intellectualism of the 18th century."—*Alexander*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

State the argument of the poem in a few words. Do you agree with Wordsworth in his estimate of the relative value of nature and books? What is the significance of the title of the poem? Does there seem to be a genuine feeling and enthusiasm underlying the poem? How much truth is there in the thought of the sixth stanza? What thought does Wordsworth mean to convey by this stanza? Is the thought of the poem in accordance with the usual teaching of the poet? Taking this poem to be a genuine expression of personal feeling, how do the other poems by Wordsworth in this volume impress you? Give your own opinion on the subject of the poem.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE (PAGE 61).

This is from *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto Sixth, xv. Scott says: "A skirmish actually took place at a pass thus called in the Trosachs, and closed with the remarkable incident mentioned in the text. It was greatly posterior in date to the reign of James V."

2. **Benvenue.** A mountain south of Loch Katrine.

9. **erne.** Eagle.

15. **Benledi.** A mountain (Ben = mountain).

26. **Saxon.** Southern, Lowland.

28. **boune.** Prepared.

36. **barded.** Covered with armour.

37. **battalia.** Army.

46. **vaward.** Vanguard.

75. **twilight wood.** "The spears were so close as to darken the air for the men who held them up."—*Minto*.

84. **Tinchel.** "A circle of sportsmen, who, by surrounding a great space and gradually narrowing, brought immense quantities of deer together, which usually made desperate efforts to break through the *Tinchel*."

112. **Roderick.** The chief of clan-Alpine, and one of the leading characters in *The Lady of the Lake*. The battle was fought between his clansmen and the forces of the Scottish king. Roderick at this time was in a dungeon at Sterling, where he had been taken after his duel with Fitz-James, who afterwards turned out to be the king.

120. **linn.** Cataract.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Make out a series of headings suggesting the movement of this poem, and tell the story in good prose. What is the purpose of the change in the movement beginning at line 59? Read this story so that the various pictures will be clear to your hearers.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

(PAGE 65).

This magnificent ode was published by the Poet-Laureate on the day of the Duke's funeral. It was received with unsparing criticism at the time, but this critical attitude has gradually been abandoned. It should not be forgotten in reading the poem that the essence of Tennyson's patriotism is to be found in the lines :

That man's the best cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

The Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle on the 14th of September, 1852. His remains were taken to Chelsea Hospital where they lay in state for three days, after which, on the 18th of November, the public funeral was held. Tennyson's ode was written to commemorate the occasion.

1. **the Great Duke.** The universal and familiar title during the last ten years of his life.

6. **pall.** The black cloth that covers the coffin.

9. **London's central roar.** St. Paul's Cathedral stands in the centre of the traffic of London.

21. **in soldier fashion.** It was his custom to acknowledge the bows of the people by raising his right fore-finger to his hat.

23. **state-oracle.** As member of the ministry and as prime minister he had the unbounded confidence of the people.

37. **iron.** He was known as the Iron Duke.

42. **World-victor's victor.** Conqueror of Napoleon.

49. **cross of gold.** The gilded cross surmounting the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

56. **blazon'd.** The names of the victories of Wellington were inscribed in gold letters on the car which was draped in black velvet.

62. **volleying cannon.** The minute guns.

70. **tyrant.** Napoleon.

73. **dispraise.** In 1830 Wellington was hooted in the streets and personally attacked because of his opposition to parliamentary reform.

75. **civic muse.** The poet appeals to the spirit of poetry in his own land to continue to celebrate the achievements of the great hero.

80. **Who is he.** These words are supposed to be spoken by Nelson, beside whose remains the Duke was buried, in the crypt under the dome of St. Paul's.

83. **Mighty seaman.** The lines following are an answer to Nelson's question.

97. **Nor ever lost.** Wellington never lost a battle.

99. **Assaye.** Wellington defeated the Marhattas with a force only one tenth as great.

104. **treble works.** These are the famous lines of Torres Vedras, three in number, which enclosed the peninsula on which Lisbon stands. The French under Massena attempted to drive out the British, but

after a five months' siege withdrew. Wellington pursued and defeated him in two battles at Fuentes d'Onoro.

109. **wasted vines.** The vineyards of Spain overrun by the French.

112. **eagles flew.** The eagle was the ensign adopted by the French regiments under the empire.

119. **Again.** Under Napoleon after his escape from Elba.

120. **wheel'd.** Borne aloft and propelled in circles.

123. **loud sabbath.** Waterloo fought on a Sunday.

129. **sudden jubilant ray.** The setting sun broke through the clouds and glittered on the bayonets of the allies.

136. **silver-coasted.** The white cliffs of the southern coast.

151. **a people.** Contrasted with a mob.

153. **mobs and lawless Powers.** Referring, no doubt, to the French Revolution of 1848 with the insurrections that followed.

170. **overtrust.** Though justice in the crown and sanity in the crowd are the basis of freedom we must not shut our eyes to the possibility of danger and imagine all will be right.

181. **turbid streams of rumour.** He minded not the vulgar reports either among the higher or lower ranks of society.

194. **other lands.** The representatives of practically all the great powers of Europe were present at the funeral.

196. **Lavish Honour.** He was showered with titles at home and abroad. The commons made him a grant of £500,000 to support his dignity as a peer of the realm.

197. **horn.** The goddess *Fortuna* with her *horn of plenty*.

206. **He shall find.** There is a joy in the performance of stern duty that is superior to the delights which spring from selfish ease.

225. **from shame.** By making an invasion of England by Napoleon impossible.

258. **must ever be.** A common view, that activity in the pursuit of noble ends will characterize the life eternal.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Note the beautiful compliment in lines 8-11. What is the force of *grow* in line 16? Tell something of Wellington that would warrant the use of all the epithets in lines 23-42. Read stanza 5 to express the feeling. Why has the metre changed here? Who is the supposed

speaker in lines 80-82? Read these lines in a fitting manner. In lines 95-150 what poetic devices are employed to make the sound help to convey the sense? Explain the historical references in these lines. Read stanza 7 in a fitting manner. Note the climax in stanza 8. Can you read this so that the intonation of your voice will assist in making the feeling plain? State in your own words the consolation the poet has even in the death of the beloved Duke.

THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS (PAGE 74).

This poem was written on the 14th of October, 1852, but was not published among Longfellow's poems until 1858, when it appeared in the *Miles Standish* volume. The occasion that gave rise to the poem was the death of the Duke of Wellington, who at the time of his death was Warden of the Cinque Ports. These ports are all on the south coast of England, and in return for special privileges, in former times, they were required to guard the coast against invasion. The official residence of the warden is Walmer Castle, where the Duke of Wellington resided from 1829 until his death. As a touching tribute from one of another nation this poem is given side by side with that of Tennyson.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

What is the prevailing figure in the poem? How is the figure sustained throughout? Does the poem strike you as being entirely appropriate? Why should this title have been chosen? Is there on the surface of the poem any reason for its continuing to be read? Compare with Tennyson's Ode as an expression of mourning. Why did Longfellow write the poem? Is there any evidence in the poem that Longfellow felt any particular interest in the Duke of Wellington, or experienced any sorrow at his death? What use is made of nature in the poem? What is the thought that the poet wished to convey? Is this thought characteristic? Compare with *Ozymandias* with reference to the thought in the poem.

IN MEMORIAM (PAGE 76).

This poem, from which the extracts in the text are taken, was published in 1850. It was occasioned by the early death of Tennyson's friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, who died suddenly at Vienna in 1833. Tennyson was almost overwhelmed by the death of his friend, who in a

short time would have been more than a friend, as he was about to marry Emily Tennyson, the poet's sister. The poems of which *In Memoriam* is composed are short lyrics dealing with some phase of his grief at the loss of his friend. There is but a slender connection between the poems, so that the larger number may be read separately without any relation to the context. Perhaps the central thought of the complete poem may be found in the verses from section CXXIV :

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep
 I heard a voice "believe no more,"
 And heard an ever-breaking shore
 That tumbled in the Godless deep ;
 A warmth within the breast would melt
 The freezing reason's colder part,
 And like a man in wrath the heart
 Stood up and answered "I have felt."

XXI.

"The poet justifies his plaintive song. Sorrow has its rights, sorrow especially for one so noble, and must not be denied expression."—*Dr. King*.

3. **grasses.** Hallam was buried in the Clevedon Church, but by poetic license the poet imagines him to be buried in the churchyard.

XXII.

"The brief but joyous companionship interrupted by death."—*Dr. King*.

31. **four sweet years.** February, 1829—September, 1833. The friendship was begun at Cambridge.

40. **Shadow.** Death.

43. **formless.** Bodiless.

47. **waste.** The years to come, dreary without the companionship of his friend.

CVI.

"The New Year ; its bells summoned to ring in the era of triumphant good."—*Dr. King*.

80. **that is to be.** "The better conception of Christ that will prevail when men will have more of the spirit of kindliness and tolerance."—*Parsons*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Note how nature is used to contribute to the feeling in the mind of the poet in stanza 1. Is this usual with Tennyson? What are the three objections that are urged against the poet's lament over his

friend? What is the reply? What is the meaning of *dark, cold, formless*, lines 42 and 43? What concrete significance can you give to lines 57-80? How much of this poem can you repeat? Read lines 49-80 so as to express by your tones the dominant feeling.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS (PAGE 79).

The nautilus has a chambered cell with simple partitions, perforated in the centre, with the last chamber the largest and containing the body of the animal. This nautilus lives in the deep sea, and it is fancy to represent it as rising to the surface and spreading its wings on the water.

5. **siren.** In mythology the sirens were beautiful nymphs who lived on an island to the southwest of Italy, and enchanted passers-by with their sweet music, thus luring them to destruction.

14. **irised.** Rainbow-coloured.

17. **spiral.** An ordinary snail's shell will suggest the spiral form of the shell.

26. **Triton.** In mythology a sea-divinity, half man and half fish. He blew through a horn to rouse or to allay the sea.

33. **Shut thee.** "Because of our low ideals and narrow sympathies we shut ourselves up in our little worlds. As our ideals enlarge our worlds grow, until at last the dome is in heaven, our ideal is the heavenly ideal, and we are free."

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Get clearly in your mind the picture in stanza 1. Can you repeat this stanza? What poetic expressions in this stanza are remarkable for their beauty? What words in stanza 2 are peculiarly suitable to the thought? What beauties do you observe in line 19? Repeat the last two stanzas. Note the force and beauty in the following expressions: *wandering sea, cast from her lap, dead lips, wreathéd horn, caves of thought, low-vaulted past, unresting sea.*

EACH AND ALL (PAGE 80).

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Tell in your own words the lesson this poem is intended to teach. What is the meaning of the last line of the poem? What line contains the central teaching of the poem? How is the first stanza connected in thought with the remainder of the poem? Write out the argument of the poem.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW (PAGE 83).

(In the annotations of the Prose Selections the pages only are referred to.)

In *The Sketch-Book* this story is given as found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, a quaint old Dutch litterateur, a fictitious character originated by Irving.

The Sketch-Book was written in England, but first published in serial form in New York in 1819. *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is one of its most popular sketches. It was suggested by a conversation with his brother-in-law, Van Wart, who had been giving some recollections of his early years at Tarrytown, and had touched upon a waggish fiction of one Brom Bones, a wild blade, who professed to fear nothing, and who boasted of having once met the devil and of having run a race with him for a bowl of milk punch. Irving was attracted by the recital and in a few hours sketched the framework of his story, which in the following year he elaborated into the famous legend.

The scene of the story was dear to its author. In his declining years Irving returned to his beloved Hudson, and his home—*Sunnyside*—was one of the loveliest and most picturesque situations on that notable stream.

The story opens with the following from Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

83. Tappaan Zee. An expansion of the Hudson, a few miles up the river from New York city, called by Irving "The Mediterranean" of the river.

83. St. Nicholas. The patron saint of the Dutch, especially the patron of the young and of scholars. Our Santa Claus comes to us through the Dutch St. Nicholas.

83. Tarry Town. A Dutch village on the Hudson some twenty-five miles from New York. Sleepy Hollow is situated within its limits.

84. Master Hendrick Hudson. During his second voyage in search of a north-west passage, this navigator discovered the Hudson River in 1609.

84. high German doctor. From the southern or higher part of Germany.

85. **Hessian trooper.** During the war of the revolution there were in the British army about 16,000 German soldiers, most of whom came from Hesse-Cassel.

86. **cognomen.** Surname. Roman families of position had three names. The cognomen was the last of the three.

87. **eelpot.** A wicker-work basket with a funnel-shaped opening for catching eels. They can enter but cannot escape.

87. **spare the rod.**

He that spareth his rod hateth his son.—*Prov.* xiii, 24.

Love is a boy by poets styl'd ;

Then spare the rod and spoil the child.—Butler's *Hudibras*.

88. **going the rounds.** A universal custom in the olden days in New England and in other parts.

89. **lion bold.** In the *New England Primer*, almost the only juvenile book of that time, was found the couplet :

The Lion bold,

The Lamb doth hold.

A picture accompanies this couplet, and the effect of the whole is supposed to be that the letter *L* is indelibly impressed on the learner's mind.

90. **Cotton Mather** (1663-1729). Born in Boston; author of 382 works, mostly theological. His best known work is *Magnalia Christi Americana*. It is a chaos of fables and blunders, discussing every possible question, particularly witchcraft and theology. It is never possible to tell where witchcraft ends and history begins. The work had a marvellous influence.

91. **linked sweetness.** See Milton's *L'Allegro*, l. 140.

93. **Saardam.** A little town in Holland a few miles west of Amsterdam.

96. **Van Tassel.** The paternal mansion here described is supposed to be that afterwards purchased by Irving, and known as *Sunnyside*—"A little, old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat."

96. **Kentucky, Tennessee.** At this time these states were in the remote west—unsettled.

96. **dresser.** An old-time article of kitchen furniture resembling somewhat the modern sideboard.

96. **linsey-woolsey.** Cloth made of linen and wool from which homespun garments are made.

97. **asparagus tops.** Formerly used to ornament the old-fashioned fire-places.

99. **Don Cossacks.** Belonged to one of the great branches of the Cossack people inhabiting a plain on the River Don. They were skilled horsemen.

99. **rantipole.** Wild, rakish, mad-cap.

99. **supple-jack.** A tough southern vine often used for walking sticks.

100. **Achilles.** The hero of the siege of Troy. At the opening of the war a dispute arose between Achilles and Agamemnon because the latter had taken away a beautiful captive named Briseis that had fallen to the lot of Achilles.

102. **Mercury.** The messenger of the gods. He is represented as wearing a small cap or casque with projecting wings.

103. **quilting-frolic.** The women were invited in the afternoon to assist in quilting. In the evening the men came. After tea there were games, dancing, gossip, etc.

105. **cedar-bird.** The waxwing.

105. **monteiro.** Fancy-coloured, or jaunty, probably from Spanish *montera*, a hunting-cap with round crown, and flaps which could be drawn down over the face.

106. **slap-jacks.** Pancakes.

107. **oly-koek** (oil-cake). Cakes like doughnuts, fried in lard.

110. **Whiteplains.** A battle fought here between English and Americans in 1776.

111. **André.** A British officer, brave, but unfortunate, who undertook to carry despatches from the American general, Benedict Arnold, to the British general, Sir Henry Clinton. He was caught by three Americans and hanged as a spy at Tarrytown, 1780.

113. **Sing-Sing.** Thirty-two miles north of New York, now noted as the situation of the state prison.

113. **pillion.** A cushion placed on the horse behind the rider, and serving as a seat for a lady.

115. **tulip-tree.** A tree somewhat like the poplar in appearance. Its wood is called white wood.

121. **stocks.** Bands for the neck, intended to take the place of a cravat.

122. **Ten Pound Court.** A court having jurisdiction over cases involving sums of not over ten pounds.

For full information regarding Irving see Curtis' *Homes of American Authors*, Warner's *American Men of Letters*, Vol. I, *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, Maynard's "English Classic Series."

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Make an outline such as would guide one in writing a story like this. Draw a map of the district. Subjects for oral or written composition :—

1. Description of Ichabod, Brom Bones, Van Tassel, Katrina.
2. Sleepy Hollow ; Van Tassel's home ; the school-house.
3. The quilting-bee ; the church service ; the midnight chase.
4. Ichabod going to the party.
5. The headless horseman.

Based on Irving's suggestion give descriptions of your own locality, and set forth any legend of the country in as attractive form as possible. Note the beautiful figure in the paragraph on the top of page 86. Does Irving make much use of this figure throughout the story? Express the same thought by means of some other parallel, then return to Irving to examine how he secures such force and beauty.

In the paragraph which introduces Ichabod Crane what impression do you get of him? As the story proceeds do you find any lovable or worthy qualities in him? Why do you sympathize with Brom Bones instead of Ichabod? Can you suggest any details that might mean more than those in the last paragraph of page 92? Show by other illustrations that, in description, Irving always selects details with the greatest skill ; for example, consider the paragraph beginning on page 94. Write after the manner of Irving a description of an imaginary country home in your own district. Observe how the last sentence on page 97 differs from ordinary writing. What gives it elegance? Examine in similar manner the first paragraph on page 109. Give a description of some local character after the manner of this paragraph. What great beauty do you find in the language of page 112, lines 1-12? What evidences of literary skill do you find in the paragraph on pages 113 and 114? Could anything be more appropriate than the last clause of this story?

FRANZ ABT (PAGE 123).

Abt was the most popular song writer Germany ever produced. He was born at Eilenberg, 1819. His first musical productions—songs and dances—appeared 1838. At Stuttgart he published *When the Swallows Homeward Fly*. This brought him immediate fame, and was probably his most popular song. Musicians everywhere sing the songs of Abt. His melodies are wonderfully simple and beautiful. Abt was more than a song writer. As a musical conductor he achieved great fame.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN (PAGE 127).

The book from which this selection is taken is *Prue and I*, published in 1856. The central figure is “an old book-keeper who wears a white cravat and black trousers in the morning, who rarely goes to the opera and never drives out. His only journey is from his home to his office; his only satisfaction is in doing his duty; his only happiness is in his Prue and his children.”

Several of the characters in the book are referred to in the text—Aurelia, an imaginary young lady who forms the subject-matter of the first chapter of the book, and whom the old book-keeper has endowed with every imaginable beauty of person and of character; Titbottom, the assistant book-keeper and the hero of *Titbottom's Spectacles*; and old Bourne, the employer, very wealthy and unhappy, who in his early days was in love with Prue.

The Flying Dutchman of the legend was a Dutch vessel, the captain of which, voyaging around the Cape of Good Hope and encountering heavy head winds, swore that he would double the cape if he tried until the day of doom. He was taken at his word, and now sails the seas for evermore in his vain attempt.

It is impossible to give any interpretation of the life-lesson of this selection that will meet with general approval. That it has a definite lesson is certain, on the authority of the author; but some years before his death, being appealed to for the purpose, Mr. Curtis refused to give any interpretation, stating that the meaning taken from the selection would depend on the life-experience of the reader, and that as his knowledge of life broadened his interpretation would change; he himself had not the same thought that he had when he wrote the selection.

127. **Jasmin** (1798-1864). A French poet, the son of a tailor, who, at an early age, was apprenticed to a barber, and continued during his life to follow his trade as a hair-dresser. Even after he became quite celebrated as a poet he refused to give up his occupation; indeed, he prided himself on his devotion to his business. His poems are for the most part written in the dialect of Southern France.

128. **Memnon**. A famous king of Æthiopia. After his death his subjects erected a statue in his honour. The statue every morning at sunrise gave forth a melodious sound, caused by the rays of the sun striking on it. The meaning of the expression in the text is that listening to the song of the birds at sunrise it is possible to believe the old fable of the statue of Memnon.

129. **Orion's scimitar**. Orion was a celebrated giant of antiquity, who, after death, was placed among the stars. The constellation consists of seventeen stars, and is in the form of a man holding a sword or scimitar.

129. **Lyre**. One of the constellations representing the lyre or harp of Orpheus. It is said that the harp of Orpheus, the sweetest singer of the ancient Greeks, after his death at the hands of the maddened priestesses of Bacchus, was taken up to the heavens and honoured with a place among the stars.

129. **Cassiopeia**. The wife of Cepheus, King of Æthiopia, who boasted that she was fairer than the daughters of Neptune. The god to punish her for her insolence sent a sea monster, which ravaged the land, until killed by Perseus. After her death Cassiopeia was made a constellation, consisting of thirteen stars.

129. **Berenice's hair**. Berenice was the wife of Ptolemy III, King of Egypt, who vowed to sacrifice her beautiful hair to the gods if they would grant that her husband should conquer Asia. She did so, and the first night that the hair was suspended in the temple of the war-god it was carried away to heaven, where it became one of the constellations.

130. **Beatrice Cenci**. A beautiful Roman maiden, who, unable to endure longer the cruelty of her father, conspired against him and put him to death. She was executed in 1605. Beatrice is the heroine of the tragedy, *The Cenci*, by Shelley.

130. **Tasso and Leonora**. Tasso was a celebrated Italian poet, the author of the *Jerusalem Delivered*. He is said to have fallen in love with Leonora d'Este, the sister of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, at whose court the poet was then residing. His hopeless passion is said to have

driven him mad, and he was confined by the duke for seven years in an asylum. Goethe has founded a tragedy, *Tasso*, upon this incident.

130. Marino Faliero. The doge of Venice, elected in 1354. The council of state having, as he thought, inadequately punished an outrageous insult to his wife, he entered into a conspiracy to overthrow the republic. The plot was discovered and the doge was executed. Byron's tragedy, *Marino Faliero*, deals with this subject.

130. Sorrento. An Italian city on the Bay of Naples, famous for its magnificent gardens.

130. Pæstum. A city of Southern Italy, about forty miles from Naples, famous for its ruins of ancient temples.

130. Arabian prince. Prince Ahmed, the hero of the tale of that name in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, who was possessed of a piece of apparently worthless carpet, which, however, had the magic property of transporting instantly whoever sat upon it to the place where he wished to go.

130. vales of Cashmere. The famous Indian valley, noted for the beauty of its scenery, and especially for its roses.

132. studding-sails. Steering sails, used as supplementary to the main sails, but very seldom employed.

133. Spanish main. The ocean touching on Mexico and Central America.

136. One of the promenaders. The Wandering Jew is here referred to. It is said that the doorkeeper of the judgment-hall of Pilot, when taking Jesus before the governor, struck him and said to him, "Get in faster." The reply of Christ was: "I am going fast enough; but thou shalt tarry until I come again." Another story ascribes the insult to Ahasuerus, before whose door Christ stopped from weariness when carrying the cross to Calvary. The unfortunate doorkeeper ever since that time has been wandering over the earth, unable to rid himself of the burden of remorse which he is ever compelled to feel.

136. ennui. Feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction.

140. Milton's Satan:

What matter where if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

141. seven insurmountable walls. The state prison of Constantinople, which stood beside the seraglio, had seven towers considered impregnable.

141. pearl-of-Oman. The pearls taken from the Gulf of Oman were remarkable for their purity and beauty, and were held in much esteem by the ancients.

143. Le Baron Munchausen. The hero of a book of extravagantly improbable tales written in 1792, by Rudolf Erich Raspe, a German resident in Cornwall, England.

145. Hadrian. The fifteenth emperor of Rome, noted in English history as the builder of one of the Roman walls of Britain.

145. Antinous. A beautiful youth of Bithynia, much beloved by the emperor Hadrian, who, when the boy died, erected a temple to his memory.

146. Eldorado. The mythical "golden city," situated somewhere in the depths of Central or South America, the dream of the early Spanish adventurers and explorers.

146. Philosopher's Stone. The talisman which among the early alchemists was supposed to turn everything touched by it into pure gold.

146. Orellana. One of the early Spanish explorers, who in 1541 discovered the Amazon. It was he who by his accounts first gave rise to the story of the "golden city."

148. Hole. An opening through the crust of the earth to its centre, maintained by Captain John Cleve Symmes to have been discovered by him. It was said to have been somewhere near Iceland, to have a complete flora and fauna of its own, and to be lighted by two planets, whose light shone there alone. Symmes was quite in earnest about his discovery, and tried to induce some of the best known Elizabethan navigators to accompany him in exploring the place.

149. fountain of youth. A marvellous fountain, which was supposed to have the power of conferring perpetual youth and beauty upon whomsoever bathed in its waters. It was when in search of the fountain that Ponce de Leon discovered the Mississippi.

150. Prester John. A corruption of two Arabian words meaning "precious stone." Prester John was the mythical king who ruled over a mythical kingdom supposed to exist somewhere in the centre of Africa. Strange tales were told of his power, his wealth, and the magnificence of his court.

151. **Encantadas.** Generally taken as synonymous with Atlantis, the lost island of the Atlantic.

151. **lotus.** A plant which was supposed to put the person who ate of it into a dreamy state, in which he became insensible to all that was going on around him in the world, and thought only of his own sensuous enjoyment. See Tennyson's poem *The Lotos-Eaters*.

152. **Atlantis.** The mythical island continent situated somewhere to the west of Europe. The people of the island were governed by the descendants of the gods, but falling into evil ways they were punished by a great flood, which submerged the continent forever.

153. **Utopia.** The land of "Nowhere," celebrated by Sir Thomas More in his fanciful story of that name. The object of the book was to describe an ideal commonwealth. The work is a political satire on the English Government.

153. **Cockaigne.** An imaginary land, in which the inhabitants gave themselves up to pleasure and idleness. "The houses were made of barley-sugar and cakes, the streets were paved with pastry, and the shops supplied goods without requiring money in payment."

155. **sirens.** See *The Chambered Nautilus*, line 5.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE (PAGE 155).

This selection is taken from Oliver Wendell Holmes' *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, this being the first of three volumes of *The Breakfast-Table* series. The selection gives a good illustration of the author's style, in which seriousness and humour are so happily blended. The whole of the book should be read, if possible, by the student, as well as the companion books, *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*.

157. **Dr. Johnson.** See Brief Biographical Sketches at end of volume.

160. **choice of Hercules.** In his early youth Hercules, the famous hero of antiquity, met two beautiful women, one of whom offered him a life of pleasure, and the other a life of toil to be followed by immortality. The former was pleasure, the latter virtue. Tho hero chose the latter, lived a life of hardship, but was finally classed among the gods.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Endeavour to write out the picture in the opening paragraphs in your own words, and then compare with the text to find out your weakness.

What sentences in this selection have so caught your attention that they have been committed to memory? What other simile might have been taken instead of that in paragraph *two*? Express the relation between Truth and Falsehood by any other parallel than that given on page 160. Is the teaching of the last paragraph sound?

WEALTH (PAGE 161).

This gives a very good idea of Johnson's style. How does it differ from that employed by the other prose writers represented in this volume? How does it differ in vocabulary and sentence structure from ordinary speech? Convert any one of the paragraphs into ordinary prose. Do you observe any rhythmic beauty in this prose?

FIRST LETTER OF JUNIUS (PAGE 166).

Junius was the assumed name of a writer who contributed a series of letters chiefly to the *Public Advertiser*, in which he attacked the ministry of the Duke of Grafton and the maladministration of the day. Who Junius was has never been found out, though Mr. Wade in his edition of the letters makes a very good argument for Sir Philip Francis. It is doubtful if any letters ever appeared in the public press that had so marked an influence. The pungency of the style, the beauty of the expression, the force of the argument, are apparent throughout. Though the letters did not have the full effect the writer hoped for they still remain as a fine example of bitter writing that still retains its force and dignity. The letters appeared from 1769 to 1771. The ministry at the time was composed of the Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury; Lord North, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Camden, Lord Chancellor; Viscount Townshend, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Earl Rochford, Minister of Foreign Department; Earl Hillsboro, American Minister; Earl Gower, President of the Council; Earl Bristol, Lord of the Privy Seal; Sir Edward Hawke, Lord Admiral; Viscount Barrington, Secretary of War; Marquis of Granby, Master-General of Ordnance; Lord Howe, Treasurer of the Navy; Mr. De Grey (Walsingham), Attorney-General; Mr. Dunning (Ashburton), Solicitor-General. For a full history of the time see *Green*, chapter x, sec. ii.

169. **under the auspices.** The insinuation is that Pitt made Grafton and Grafton deserted Pitt.

170. **public debt.** At the conclusion of peace in 1763 the debt was £148,377,618.

170. **civil list.** At this time the expenses of administration outside of the army and navy ; the term now means the expenses of the king's or queen's household.

175. **too notorious to require an application.** The case of Wilkes is referred to. See *Green*.

SUGGESTIVE EXERCISES.

Read aloud over and over again to catch the rhythm of the prose. Note examples of balanced structure. Compare in this respect with other prose writers represented in this volume. Compare the vocabulary, the sentence structure, and the figures employed by Junius, with those of the ordinary newspaper political article. Wherein does Junius excel? How does he win the confidence of his readers in opening his article? At what point in the letter would the ministry first differ with him? Which minister receives the severest censure? With the purpose of understanding how difficult this style of composition is, endeavour to write a criticism of some public body because of some real or imaginary failure in the discharge of duty. What expressions of Junius have you remembered because of the thought? Which expressions have claimed your attention because of the beauty of the expression? Is it the thought or the expression of the thought that gives the letters of Junius their permanent quality?

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BURNS, ROBERT, the son of a Scotch peasant farmer, was born near Ayr, January 25, 1759. His early life was one of toil and hardship ; at the age of fifteen he was doing the work of an able-bodied man. This constant work, as well as poverty, prevented his attendance at school, so that he grew up to manhood in comparative ignorance of books, but knowing the life of the Scottish peasant through and through. At the age of sixteen he had begun to write poetry, and had continued at intervals until 1786, when he had accumulated enough for a volume. At this time he had become hopelessly discouraged with his farm life, and had resolved to emigrate to America. Fortunately his publication venture turned out successfully, and Burns abandoned all thought of leaving his native land. He was invited to Edinburgh, where he was treated with distinguished courtesy by the men of letters there gathered. Shortly after the appearance of his second volume in 1787 he bought a farm near Dumfries, and married Jean Armour. In 1789 he obtained the post of excise officer. His last days were embittered by poverty and distresses of various kinds. He died July 21, 1796. His most important works, besides a multitude of songs, are *The Cottar's Saturday Night* and *Tam o'Shanter*.

CLOUGH; ARTHUR HUGH, was born at Liverpool, January 1, 1819. In 1823, he removed with his parents to Charleston, S.C., where he resided until his return to England in 1828. He was educated at Rugby, and later at Oxford, where he was chosen fellow of Oriel College, and 1843 tutor in the same college. In 1848, owing to a dispute over religious questions, he resigned his fellowship, and became Principal of University Hall, London. In 1852, after resigning his principalship, he made up his mind to reside in America. He lived for some time in the vicinity of Boston, where he enjoyed the fellowship of Longfellow and Lowell. In 1853 his friends secured for him a position as examiner in the Education Office, and he returned to England. He died at Florence, November 13, 1861. His best known works are *The Bothie of Tober-na-Voulich*, *Dipsychus*, *Amours de Voyage*, and a large number of miscellaneous poems.

CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM, was born at Providence, R.I., in 1824. He was educated in the common schools of his native city. About 1840 he came under the influence of Emerson, and joined the Brook Farm Community. In 1846 he went to Europe, where he remained for two years engaged in study. In 1855 a commercial enterprise in which he was embarked failed. Mr. Curtis undertook to pay the debts of the firm, and after sixteen years of untiring effort succeeded. In 1853 he undertook the editorship of the Easy Chair in *Harper's Magazine*, and in 1856 he became editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Both these positions he held until his death. About 1855 he began to take an active part in politics and soon became an important factor in the work of political reform. His best work was done in connection with the Civil Service Reform League, of which he was president. He died in 1892. His most important works are *Lotus-Eating*, *Prue and I*, and *Potiphar*.

EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, was born at Boston, May 25, 1803. He was educated at the public schools of Boston, and afterwards at Harvard, from which he graduated in 1821. He did not take an especially brilliant course, although he gained prizes for philosophical essays and for declamation. He was also elected class poet. After teaching school for five years, in 1829 he was ordained into the ministry of the Unitarian Church. Three years later he abandoned his chosen profession and set out on a tour through Europe. In 1834 he began his long series of lectures in Boston, and in 1835 took up his residence at Concord. His essays were published in 1841, and his poems in 1846. He died at Concord, April 27, 1882. His writings are mostly of a philosophical and speculative character, and consist largely of essays. His best known works are, in addition to the *Essays*, *Representative Men*, *English Traits*, and *The Conduct of Life*.

HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, was born at Cambridge, Mass., August 19, 1809. He was educated at Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1829. He began to study law, but soon abandoned it in favour of medicine. In 1833 he went to Europe for the purpose of continuing his medical studies. He returned to the United States two years later, and in 1836 took his medical degree. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Anatomy at Dartmouth College, and later held a similar position in the Massachusetts Medical School. He retired from active work in 1882, and continued to reside in Boston until his death, October 7, 1894. His principal works are *The Breakfast Table* series, *Over the Tea-Cups*, and *Elsie Venner*.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, was born at New York, April 3, 1783. He left school in 1800, and began the study of law. In 1804 he made a voyage to Europe for the benefit of his health. He was called to the bar in 1806, but never practised. His literary career began at this time by the publication of humorous tales and sketches. In 1810 he entered into partnership with his brothers in a large commercial enterprise. In 1815 he again went to Europe, where he remained for many years. In 1817 his firm failed, and he was obliged to turn to literature for support. He spent some time on the continent, and then returned to England as Secretary of the U. S. Legation. He returned to the United States in 1832. From 1842 to 1846 he was Ambassador to Spain. He lived during his later years at Sunnyside on the Hudson, where he died November 28, 1859. His principal works are *Washington*, *Christopher Columbus*, *Goldsmith*, *The Alhambra*, and *The Sketch-Book*.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL, was born at Litchfield, England, September 18, 1709. His father was a small bookseller of limited means. He attended Litchfield Grammar School, and afterwards Pembroke College, Oxford, but owing to his poverty was compelled to leave without taking his degree. He taught school for some time and then engaged in newspaper work. Having married a widow with a fortune of £800 he opened a private school, but this venture did not succeed. After this he went to London, where for some years he endured the direst poverty, doing hack work of various kinds for the publishers. Finally his *Dictionary of the English Language* brought him both fame and fortune. From this time until his death he was the literary dictator of England, and probably the most famous man in the kingdom. In 1763 he met Boswell, his future biographer, and in 1773 accompanied him on a tour through Scotland. He died at London, December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His best known works are *London*, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, *Rasselas*, *The Lives of the Poets*, and numerous *Essays*.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825, and immediately entered on the study of law. An offer of a Professorship of Modern Languages at Bowdoin interrupted his legal studies and took him to Europe for three years, in order to fit himself more fully for his new position. In 1835 he was appointed to a similar position in Harvard, and again went abroad for purposes of study. He again visited Europe in 1841-2, and in 1868-9, receiving in the latter year the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford. He resigned his chair at Oxford in 1854, but

continued to reside at Cambridge until his death, March 24, 1882. His best known works are *Evangeline*, *Miles Standish*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, *The Golden Legend*, and *Hiawatha*.

LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, was born at Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819. He was educated at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar in 1841. He soon abandoned law and devoted himself to literature. His first volume of poetry was published in 1844. He now took an active part with both tongue and pen in the agitation for the abolition of slavery. In 1851 he visited Europe. In 1855 he was appointed to the chair of Modern Languages at Harvard, in succession to Longfellow. In 1857 he became editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. In 1877 he was made Minister to Spain, and from 1879 to 1885 was Ambassador to Great Britain. During these years he received the degree of LL.D. from Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh, and was chosen Lord Rector of St. Andrew's University. He died August 12, 1891. His principal poetical works are *The Cathedral*, *The Bigelow Papers*, *Sir Launfal* and *The Commemoration Ode*. He has also written many important works of literary criticism.

RAND, THEODORE HARDING, was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, February 8, 1835. He was educated at Horton Academy, and afterwards at Acadia University, from which he graduated in 1860. He taught for some time at Horton Academy, and in the Normal School at Truro. In 1874 he became Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and afterwards held a similar position in New Brunswick. In 1883 he became Professor of History in Acadia University. In 1892 he was appointed Chancellor of McMaster University of Toronto, but resigned, owing to ill-health, in 1895. He died at Toronto in 1900. His best known volume is *At Minas Basin and other Poems*. Shortly before his death he edited *A Treasury of Canadian Verse*.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was educated at the Edinburgh High School, and at the University in that city. In 1792 he was called to the bar. Two years later he married, and shortly afterwards received the appointment of deputy sheriff of Selkirkshire. In 1802 he published two volumes of *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. In 1805 *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published, followed in 1808 by *Marmion*, and in 1810 by *The Lady of the Lake*. In 1806 he was appointed Clerk to the Court of Sessions, and in 1813 refused the Poet-Laureateship. In 1814 he began the publication of the *Waverley Novels*. In 1820 he was made a baronet. In 1811 he purchased Abbotsford, to which he continued to add adjoining

properties, with the object of founding a great family estate. In 1826, owing to the failure of the publishing house with which he was connected, he found himself encumbered with a debt of £117,000. Refusing to take advantage of bankruptcy proceedings he set himself to pay off the debt. His heroic efforts shortened his life. In 1830 he had a stroke of paralysis, and in the next year the British Government placed a warship at his disposal and sent him to the Mediterranean for his health. He returned to Abbotsford and died there September 21, 1832. His best known novels are *Ivanhoe*, *The Talisman*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Kenilworth*, *The Abbot*, and *The Antiquary*.

SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, the eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., was born at Field Place, Sussex, August 4, 1792. He was sent to Eton, but owing to his refusal to fag, led rather a hard life. In 1810 he entered Oxford, but was soon expelled because he insisted on forcing his peculiar religious views upon the heads of the colleges. His father took the side of the authorities and refused to receive his son. In 1811 he made a hasty marriage with Harriet Westbrook, who, he fancied, was being abused by her father. The marriage was unfortunate and they soon separated. In 1816 his wife drowned herself. The custody of his children was refused him by the courts on the ground that he was morally unsound. In the same year he married Mary Godwin. In 1818 he left England forever. For the remainder of his life he lived in Italy. He was drowned in the Mediterranean July 8, 1822. His best known works are *The Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Cenci*, and *Adonais*, an elegy in memory of John Keats. Shelley was a man who all his life fought against what he considered to be tyranny, whether it was in religious, political or social matters. He made many mistakes, but behind it all was the human heart of the poet, big with love for humanity. His sincerest desire was to benefit mankind.

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, was born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809. He was educated at home and at Louth Grammar School. In 1827, together with his brother Charles, he published *Poems by Two Brothers*. In 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met Arthur Henry Hallam for the first time. He joined the society of the "Apostles," which at that time contained some of the brightest minds of the university. In 1829 he obtained the chancellor's gold medal for his poem *Timbuctoo*. In 1830 he published his first volume of poems. In 1831, owing to the death of his father, he left Cambridge without taking his degree. In 1832 his second volume was published. The critics were not kind to this volume and Tennyson remained silent

for ten years. In 1833 Arthur Hallam died. In 1842 the *Poems* in two volumes appeared. In 1847 *The Princess* was published. In 1850 Tennyson published *In Memoriam* in remembrance of Arthur Hallam, was married and was appointed Poet-Laureate. In 1853 he removed to Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. In 1855 *Maud* was published, followed in 1859 by four of *The Idylls of the King*. In 1868 he purchased another estate at Aldworth. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage. On October 6, 1892 he died and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Besides the works already mentioned, Tennyson wrote *Enoch Arden*, *Locksley Hall*, *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, *Becket* and *The Foresters*. His last volume was published subsequent to his death.

THOMSON, EDWARD WILLIAM, was born in Peel County, Ontario, February 12, 1849. He was educated at Trinity College Grammar School, Weston, and at the age of sixteen enlisted in the United States army, and served through the closing years of the Civil War. He returned to Canada after the close of the war and took up the profession of a surveyor. At the age of thirty he took up newspaper work, and in 1889-90 was chief editorial writer on the *Toronto Globe*. In 1891 he removed to Boston, where he connected himself with the *Youths' Companion*, a position which he still holds. His best known works are *Old Man Savarin* and *Walter Gibbs, the Young Boss*.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, was born at Cockermouth, Cumberland, April 7, 1770. From his seventh to his eighteenth year he went to school at Hawkshead. In 1787 he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and graduated in 1791. He hailed with delight the beginnings of the French Revolution, and immediately crossed to France, where he remained for two years, taking an active part in affairs. The course of the Revolution bitterly disappointed him, and he returned to England very much depressed in spirits. The soothing influence of nature and of his sister Dorothy soon restored him. Poverty now stared him in the face, and he turned to literature for support. The death of his friend, Raisley Calvert, secured him a legacy of £900, which relieved his immediate distresses. He lived with his sister at Racedown for some time; then, after a year spent in Germany, settled at Grasmere, in the Lake district. In 1802 he married Mary Hutchinson. In 1813 he was made Distributor of Stamps. This secured him a competence, and he could now devote his time to poetry. In 1842 he received a pension of £300, and in 1843 was made Poet-Laureate. He died April 23, 1850. Wordsworth's best poetry is to be found in his shorter poems. Among his longer ones may be mentioned *Michael*, *The Excursion*, *The Prelude*, *Peter Bell* and *The White Doe of Rylstone*.

